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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

BY A. P. M., JR

Where are the loves of earlier years?—
The sighs, the whispers we knew so well?—
Voices that came to soothe our fears?—
Dreams where sweet pleasures erst did dwell?
Gone are those scenes, that draught of bliss!
Gone are the happiest hours of life!
Life in the past was *not* like this—
Then 'twas glad quietude—now 'tis strife.

Friends of our soul may gather round,
Many may lend us a cheering voice;
Yet, though true friends are rarely found,
The words of their lips are not our choice.
Ever and ay we yearn to hear
Just one whisper—an old-time sigh:
But, no! They have flown our listening ear,
Like a breath of Heaven, that hurries by.

Never! never can scenes of bliss
Bury the thought of departed joys!
Always those days we are sure to miss—
Bright days whose smilings had no alloys.
Strive—'tis vain!—to be sad no more,
Ay, strive as you will, you'll find, at last,
There are no joys the earth can pour
Like the joys that lived within the past!

The Red Scorpion:
OR,
THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSENGER OF VENGEANCE.

AMID a grove of verdurous oaks, whose welcome shade broke the hot rays of a summer sun, stood the tavern of the "*Red Ox*"; one of those ancient, weird-looking buildings whose every plank would seem to be connected with some awing tradition or strange rumors of a ghostly past.

It was the twilight of a clear day, when, having risen from a substantial supper in the long, dingy dining-hall of the house, a group occupied close seats on the wide porch, giving ear to the words of an old gray-haired tiller of the soil, who was narrating how, in days gone by, he had known of several British troopers who had mysteriously vanished in a night while putting up at that very tavern—and suspicion of foul dealing had only lulled with the decease of him who was then proprietor.

A rough assemblage, truly—teamsters, drovers, farmers, bronzed and weather-wrinkled, smoking, chewing and spitting—yet orderly enough, for Jerry O'Connough, the Irish landlord, had established a name for quietness which the *Red Ox* had not boasted for years.

Like children listening to a fairy tale, they sat; only the slow, even monotone of the speaker broke the solitude occasioned by approaching night—and with this picture opens a story, the detail of which is not all mere product of imagination.

The narrator had nearly finished when the attention of all was attracted to a party who, at that juncture, rode up to the hitching-post and dismounted.

He was a short, square-built man, well dressed, of stern mien; his eyes were gray, restless in their glance; upon his cheek and chin was a strong growth of sandy beard.

Following this comer—who was, to all present, a stranger—rode one who appeared to be his servant. A slim-grown body; tight-fitting garments of black; a skull-cap; face remarkably pale; snub nose and thin lips; dark eyes with blue lines beneath, and eyebrows that continually wriggled and twisted with a nervous, involuntary motion.

The latter carried in his hand a box, about a foot square, wrought of some highly polished metal, of heavy look, and perforated on three sides with numerous tiny holes.

This second individual also dismounted, and stood silently to one side, as if awaiting the action of his master, or employer, while the dark eyes rolled and the narrow, pointed brows inverted themselves as the landlord approached.

"Good-evenin' to ye," welcomed the Irishman, smiling, bowing, and rubbing his large red hands together. "It's mesel' that's al'ays glad to see a gintleman come to the *Ox*, an'—Cyp, ye blackguard!—grip the horse there, or 'e'll be after a gallop down the road."

"You've a room to spare for a couple of travelers?" asked the stranger, and the accent of his voice was sullen as his countenance was gloomy.

"Yes, *sir;* it's a good room I have, an' a plenty of comfort for them that'll stop a bit at the *Ox;* for it's me name's Jerry O'Connough, an' I can never be slow, as I'm quick to please a gintleman when—yes, sir; jist step intil the house, an' it's soon ye'll have the very best there is in the country."

While Cyp, the negro, attended to the horses of the arrivees, O'Connough conducted his guests to a large, airy room on the second floor.

"A supper for two," ordered the dark-browed stranger; and as the landlord departed, the slim individual in black rolled his eyes heavenward, placed one hand to his stomach, and worked his lips as though already he was devouring a tempting morsel.

"Give me the box, Dyke Rouel," the stranger said, when they were alone.

"Yes, maester," promptly answered he called Dyke, handing over the article, and we observe that his voice was unsteady, whining, effeminate.

"Pretty near our journey's end, Dyke," went on the first, slowly, as he rested his elbows on the table and bowed his forehead to his hands.

"There, Rouel!--there at the door! See it! See how it looks at me!"

The eyebrows of his companion wriggled spasmodically, and seeming to stammer, he returned, simply:

"Yes, maester."

"Only a mile or two further," in that same measured, reflective strain, "and we have reached Birdwood. How many long hours of travel!—how many long hours of thought upon the work ahead! Oft, since I bade farewell to England's shores, has my heart weakened. But, no—no; I vowed I would shake off these foolish feelings which creep upon me. Yet, how can I help it? God! what a life ahead! I am to play the lover and the devil! I am equal to it, though!" a savage clinch of the teeth betokening an evil determination within him. "But, there it is again; these horrible thoughts that gnaw and gnaw at my mind until I am made sick with them! You've served me well, so far, Dyke," abruptly turning from his thoughts in the closing speech.

He did not raise his head as he concluded; had he done so, he would have detected a strange glittering flash for a second in the sleepy eyes of Dyke Rouel.

The voice that replied was still whining and humble, and the lank body bent in a bow that hid the face—a motion intended, perhaps, to conceal a peculiar expression which swept over the pale features.

"Yes, maester."

A deep silence ensued. In a few minutes a cheerful-looking tray was brought and set before them, and the girl, with a sly, curious glance at the metal box on the table, withdrew.

"Eat, Dyke; the next meal we sit down to will be at the rich table of him who owns 'Birdwood.'"

Dyke was attacking the savory viands almost before the invitation had died on the air.

While thus engaged, a queer sound fell upon their ears. It was a silvery rustle, like a shrill whisper, or a hiss.

The stranger started.

Dyke's eyebrows instantly began moving up and down; he paused in his meal and darted an uneasy glance at the box near them.

Then the bearded man frowned.

"It's hungry," he said. "It smells our supper. Feed it."

Dyke was trembling a little and seemed unable to move from his seat.

"Did you hear me? Feed it."

"Y—y—y—e—s, maester; but, Lord!—I do wish you wouldn't make me do it. Why don't you do it? You know I'm afraid—I am, indeed. What if it should slip out? And then— Goody! I don't want to do it, indeed I don't."

"Dyke Rouel, will you obey me?" scowling threateningly, and making an impatient gesture.

"Yes, maester." The words were a doleful utterance of one subdued, frightened, and forced to do another's will.

With a nervous hand, he took up a large piece of meat, and, from a small vial which he carried in his pocket, poured upon it several drops of a purple-colored liquid. Then he drew near to the box.

"I say, maester, won't you do it, and let me off? Indeed, it frightens me so!" and his knees crooked in a sudden weakness which came over him.

For reply, the scowl on the other's brow became darker.

Rouel groaned. Contorting his spare face into a woeful mold, he turned again to the box.

Dextrously he opened a slide on the top, dropping the meat in, and then shutting it quickly, while he drew a short breath and held his hand upon it as if to secure it the tighter.

"Fool! why do you act this way? It would not come out if it could."

"Not so sure of that, maester," said Rouel, with a dubious shake of his small head, and relaxing his eyes from their distended stare. "It might take a notion to snap at me, and then— Goody! just think of me. I'd die! Ah—me! I expect I will get a bite one of these times; yes, I know I shall." Venting a heavy sigh, he seated himself again at the table.

"You must get over all these timid fears, Dyke Rouel. Remember, your pay comes due to-morrow; I told you I'd withhold it if you failed to behave properly."

"Yes, maester," returned Rouel, humbly.

While they eat, they heard a faint, continuous, sliding noise in the direction of the box, and the slim follower of the gloomy stranger anon cast anxious glances toward it, as if he feared the escape of its living occupant.

Supper ended, the stranger arose. At the same moment, the girl brought in a lighted lamp.

"No need of that," were the words which greeted her; "we don't want a light."

"Yes, sir"—curtseying—"what time shall I bring it before you go to bed, sir?"

"I tell you we don't want any. Now begone."

"La—me! what a growler he is!" thought the maid, as she departed.

"Come, Dyke, we'll go down-stairs and wait on the porch till the time for starting," and he continued, musing, as he moved toward the door: "Yes, until the hour set. Only a few hours more. This is the twelfth of June, and eleven o'clock will soon be here. If you can look down on me, Antoine Martinet, from your home among the dead, you'll see that I am about to do your will—to keep my oath. And the money? Ha! ha! ha!—the vast estate of 'Birdwood,' too? Then, lastly, that beautiful girl you used to dream about so much! Yes; all mine—or soon will be—A-h! Dyke! God help—quick! Look there! See! The Phantom!—"

"Maester, maester, what's the matter? Goody! don't look so," and Rouel sprung nimbly forward to sustain the other, who was reeling backward and tossing his arms wildly.

It was a singular tableau. The strong man's frame quivered as he shrunk before an imaginary something which confronted him and struck terror to his heart. His eyes were widened and starting, his lips moved in an unintelligible muttering, and his gaze was fixed upon the doorway.

"There, Rouel!—there at the door! See it! See how it looks at me!"

"*I* don't see any thing, maester."

Rouel did venture a timid glance in the direction of the murky passage; but nothing was visible, and he strove to assure the trembling, cowering man of the fact.

Suddenly the form that he was bracing sunk limply to the floor. The stranger had fainted.

As Dyke Rouel stood over that insensible body, his eyebrows, like two miniature snakes, twitched and coiled together, and his fingers worked convulsively.

"Shall I kill him where he lies? Shall I throw off this yoke which he has put upon me?—one good blow, and I've got my revenge!" and he contemplated the helpless man with a savage gleam in his dark, rolling eyes.

What meant this remarkable change in the voice and manner of Dyke Rouel? A murderous thought, too, had evidently entered his brain; he did not then speak in that low, faltering tone which was noticeable on his introduction to the reader.

"No, no, no!" he added, almost without pause; "I can't do that! I can't do such a thing—no."

Hurriedly snatching up a pitcher from the table, he sprinkled the face so ghastly pale in its unconsciousness.

Slowly life returned. With a shiver, the stranger started to his feet, glanced fearfully about him, as if expecting to discover another presence, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"What's the matter, maester? That's twice you've fainted since we left the coast; and both times you've cried out somebody was looking at you. It makes me feel scared—indeed it does," and Rouel shuddered as he gazed round upon the spectral shadows which formed in the room with the advent of night.

"It's nothing, Dyke; forget it. Don't ever tell anybody what you've seen of this; because—because—well, they might take me for a crazy man; that's all;" and, within himself, he added: "Crazy? Yes, I am crazy—or will be, if this Phantom pursues me much longer!"

"*I* won't ever say any thing, maester."

"Come along." As he spoke, he left the room.

Rouel put on his skull-cap and started to follow; but, just outside the door, the two collided.

"Beg pardon, maester," he gasped, out of breath; "I didn't know you was so close—indeed I didn't."

"Have you the box?"

"N-n-n-o—that is I—well, maester—"

"Rascal! that's twice you've forgotten it since we set out."

"Yes, it's twice," acquiesced Rouel, stammering; "and each time it's been after you had them fainting-fits—queer, isn't it now? But, I didn't mean to; indeed I—"

"Never mind; get it and come. See that you don't forget again."

Securing the box, though it was with apparent reluctance he took the article in his hand, Dyke Rouel followed his employer down the stairs.

They found Jerry O'Connough behind a clean, shining bar, dispensing liquor to a few thirsty throats.

The red face of the Irishman wore a pleasant smile as he observed his two new guests, and, having done with his customers, he turned to them.

"An' it's anxious I am to know if ye ha' foun' the *Ox* as I ripresented? Ye'll find the best in the country, here, for it's the pride of me soul to please a gintleman when he honors the ould tavern with the tread of his boot on the floores."

"You are a new landlord?" carelessly inquired the stranger, leaning against the counter, while Rouel busied himself with a seeming attempt to swallow the entire contents of the water-cooler.

"New is it? Well, yes; not more'n a year or so, since Jerry O'Connough wiped the ould dust off the walls an' give a fresh coat to the paintin' round. Ye're both strangers here?"

"Yes—we're from Sacramento, California."

"California? Egad! that's where me ould mother wint, jist after me partner died—an' it's proud I am if ye'll jist touch yer name to the page of me book, for a keepsake of yer illigant presence; and divil a name'll look better nor worse in the rest of the gintlemen what stops here 'twixt their own convanience,"—laying out a bulky ledger, and producing pen and ink.

The stranger wrote in a bold, round hand:

"VINCENT CAREW."

"An' yer friend there—let 'm do that same, an' oblige Jerry O'Con—"

"I'll do it for him,"—writing down the name of Dyke Rouel.

The guest seemed desirous of conversing with his host, and O'Connough readily continued to make himself agreeable.

"How far is it to Birdwood?" asked Carew, presently.

"Is it there ye're goin'? Well, it's jist ayant the little forest down the road a bit, about a good mile. Yer couldn't miss it, if ye tied a 'kerchief on yer eye. I'll send ould Cyp to show ye, in the mornin'—"

"Thank you, but we are going to-night."

"To-night? Ye're jokin'—an' ye won't try the soft beds me own eye picked an' mesel' carr'd ten mile over the road, to make a sleep worth tryin'?"

"We are sorry. Business is urgent. Do you ever see much of those who live at Birdwood?" Carew was looking keenly at him.

"An' it's a mighty little, now. Once in a while they sail by, with their fine carriage an' beasts with their bridle-bits flashin' like gold; but never a time do they tip their hats or a bit of a bow to Jerry O'Connough—they're too proud an' too rich, ye know, for a word with the likes of me, though I *am* the proprietor 'imsel', 'ith no debts to pay, either, mind.

"Do you know how many are in the family?"

"I do—an' only a few av them, the ould gent an' his wife, with a bonny b'y, some ten year old; an' then, there's a angel of a girl that would make the mouth of a prince water for a taste of her sweet lips!" and O'Connough winked slyly.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired Carew, abruptly changing the conversation.

Paying his bill, he sauntered out to the porch.

"Be sure that our horses are in front, at precisely ten o'clock," he said, as he turned away from the landlord.

"Sure I will, an' ye'll find 'em sick with the fill of eatin', for it's mesel' that—" the rest was lost as Carew reached the outside.

Lighting a cigar, he seated himself on one of the benches and gazed off through the starry dim, while his mind was busy with strange thoughts.

Like a shadow at his back kept Dyke Rouel.

"Maester—maester," whispered the attendant, "won't you take the box? I'm scared awfully—indeed I am. It crawls all the time, and just now, I felt it against my fingers—"

"Be silent!" interposed Carew.

Rouel said no more.

"Eleven o'clock," muttered the stranger, half aloud. "How fast it nears us. Karl Kurtz, do you know that one who represents Antoine Martinet is so close? I wonder if you feel my approach? And the money?—but, there, I'm dreaming again, always dreaming. Then, this 'curst Phantom. 'Curst? Yes, it is a curse. I used to hear my mother tell of the strange thing. When it appears to one member of the family, it appears to all. But, I'm the only one left now; mother died when I was in Naples, and sister—I never heard of her after she was five years old. She must be dead, too. And when the thing appears, it warns of danger, I was told. Am *I* in danger? Bah!—it is beautiful to look at, yet, there's something in it that chills my very heart. Strange—strange that such a thing should exist in this civilized age. If I were to mention it, people would call me 'madman'; perhaps I would be imprisoned as a lunatic, for none can see it unless the blood of a Carew runs in their veins. Would that I could escape it."

He drew forth his watch, and, by the fire of his cigar, noted the time. "Nine o'clock now. One hour more, and I start; another hour and I fall, like a thunderbolt, in the house of Karl Kurtz."

The two were alone on the porch; Dyke Rouel sat near, motionless as a statue, save that, occasionally, his ball-like head nodded sleepily.

"If he hesitates," continued Vincent Carew, as the ominous silence grew deeper around them, "if he *dares* resist the command of the letter—Antoine Martinet, I will do my work." The gray eyes were glittering fiercely, an expression black as a thunder-cloud settled on the ill-molded face.

"Dyke Rouel"—rousing from his meditations, and turning suddenly to his companion—"you have the box safe?"

"Yes, maester," came drowsily from Rouel's lips.

CHAPTER II.

LORILYN.

A SHORT distance beyond the tavern of the "Red Ox" was the palatial country residence of Karl Kurtz—a mansion whose interior accorded well, in its richness of furnishings, with the broad acres that spread around it—ground yielding a noble income with its grains and fruits, while here and there delicious groves, miniature streams and blooming gardens, vying the gorgeous plots of Meru, indicated at once the moneyed rank of the owner.

The twelfth of June, 18—, had dawned unclouded—dimmed in a twilight rare with those melodies that had won the estate its name of "Birdwood;" and as night closer wrapt its dewy cloak, a new sound blended in the voices of nature which sprung from trees, grasses and vines. It was merry laughter; the sound of music, too, was tremoring on the quiet air. From the rose-bowered windows of the house, streams of light were flooding the scented lawn, and figures were moving in the maze of dance.

The party was a select one that had accepted invitations for an evening's enjoyment at Birdwood, on the occasion of young master Eddy's birthday.

Each face there wore a smile, which bespoke an unmarred gayety; every thing conducive to the pleasure of his guests had been carefully harmonized in effect by Karl Kurtz, who sat, just then, at one side of the long *salon*, with Eddy upon his knee, seeming immensely satisfied with the result of his plans and labors.

When the dance was over, and gentlemen were chatting gayly with their recent partners, a tall, finely-formed, dark-eyed, dark-haired young man approached Kurtz, bowing as he attracted the latter's notice.

"Why, Oscar, upon my word! you've come at last? What the deuce kept you so late, ha?" the two cordially shaking hands as he spoke.

"You forget, Mr. Kurtz, one's time is not always his own; besides, I do not live so near that I can step over in five min—"

"True, true, true—ha! there they go again. Kill themselves dancing, if they don't take care. Dance?—come, I'll introduce you. Come along."

"Hold, Mr. Kurtz; I care little for it, when the one I would prefer for a partner is missing."

"The one? Ha!—yes; I see. So. Now where—Eddy, where is Lorilyn?"

"I saw her on the porch awhile ago," replied the child.

"Ha! yes. I remember. I saw her go out there. Stop a bit, Oscar. Sit down. I 'll escort her in," and the old gentleman strode away toward the windows that opened on the broad piazza.

"Lorry, are you here?" he called.

"Yes—here," answered a low voice, and Kurtz, following the sound, discerned a form seated a few feet from him.

"Ha! hiding yourself away? You're wanted, Lorry—"

"By whom?" she interrupted.

"Oscar Storms. Come, now, don't keep him waiting."

"I don't care particularly to see Oscar Storms, or, in fact, any one else. I am enjoying myself very well here."

"Not? Now, what's the matter? Quarreled, ha?"

"Quarreled!" she repeated, in a tone of surprise. "I do not understand."

"Never mind. We know that lovers will get angry at one another sometimes; but then it's soon over. Ha! come now; there they go; the couples are forming—"

She interrupted him, impatiently.

"Why do you persist, uncle Karl, in speaking of Oscar Storms and myself as lovers? Have I not told you I entertain no especial liking for him?"

"Pshaw! but—" he checked his intended speech, and said instead: "I tell you he wants to dance with you. Will you disappoint him, when he has come so far to see you?"

"It would please me if he remained away from here, if it is my society alone which attracts him."

"Stay away? Ha! nonsense. Come along. He's waiting."

She arose, and, accepting his proffered arm, entered the parlor.

A faint buzz of admiration went round as Lorilyn St. Clair appeared among them.

She was beautiful. But that beauty was strange; it was as the grandeur of a snow-cloud, tinted by the golden halo of a western sun—sublime to contemplate, and yet devoid of an essential something.

Her eyes were hazel, imprisoned by oval lids of lily whiteness, and dark, drooping lashes; the graceful outline of feature was pale in its blending with the illusion folds that floated over shoulders and head, and beneath the latter, numerous gems, whose gilt pins held the masses of black, silken hair, flashed and sparkled their varied hues. The purity of throat and bust was rivaled by a necklace of pearls; and like the stain of wine on the petals of a Bourbon rose, her cheeks were tinged by a soft, delicate blush.

But the glance of the eyes was one that knew not passion's sway; the ripe lips, whose crimson tissues held unearthly sweets, would compress themselves tightly, as if to hide the white teeth that clinched beneath.

The bow with which she acknowledged salutations from every side was cold and distant.

"I've brought her, you see!" cried Kurtz, as he rejoined the young man. "No time to lose, either—ha! there you are! Quick, now. So, off you go;" then to himself he added, gazing after them: "A fine pair; a fine match. How noble they look together!"

Oscar Storms bent low over the singularly radiant being on his arm, as they moved forward to a position in a near set.

"You must love solitude, Miss Lorilyn?"

"Solitude is far preferable to this scene," she replied, without meeting his gaze.

"The 'scene' could not be perfect without your presence—no scene could be."

"There are other surroundings than those of gayety which please me more."

"Wait until you see how I shall try to amuse you here—"

"By commencing a shower of compliments, knowing, as you do, that I despise flattery? Cease, Mr. Storms; here is our place. Converse of other things or—"

"Nothing, you would say?"

The regal head inclined slightly; but she made no reply, and the half-pale face turned in a dreamy, indifferent survey of the assemblage.

"I have much to say to you to-night, Lorilyn, before I go away."

She started. The whisper, so close to her ear, seemed like a hiss. But, as she turned, the speaker wore a not-unpleasant smile, and the dark eyes were fixed upon her in a glance that surely meant naught but admiration.

"Did you speak, Mr. Storms?"

"Yes; and you heard my words."

Their eyes looked fully into each other. His burned in a way that told of a passionate love; hers—the same cold, unmeaning glance; yet, to a keen observer, they brightened visibly: she was searching deep into the heart of the man before her.

Only for a second did they stand thus. Again she looked slowly around upon the smiling faces of those who eagerly waited for the crash of music. And again came the voice of Oscar Storms whispering in her ear:

"You are even colder than usual to-night, Lorilyn; but I am patient. You will be sorry for the past, when I persuade you to be my wife."

She turned upon him suddenly; her dreamy eyes flashed for a moment—but his back was toward her. The music had sounded; already was Oscar Storms bowing to his left-hand lady.

No further word passed. They were of the head couples, and immediately opened.

Nor did either offer to speak when they stood idly side by side. The quadrille throughout was silently figured by the two.

"Now, as you 'prefer solitude,' we'll go out upon the piazza." Oscar Storms led her slowly away at the conclusion of the dance.

There were cozy seats near the vine-covered trellis-work, where the moonbeams played through and kissed the perfumed honeysuckles, and to this seclusion they retired.

"I said I had much to engage you with, Lorilyn. It is more important, though, than lengthy." Storms was first to break the stillness of their surroundings.

"Yes?" with careless inquiry.

"Can you guess of what I would speak?"

"You will please spare me the task."

"I will. It was to tell you of my love, Lorilyn, that I brought you where we could be alone."

He paused, as if to note the effect of his words. But, in the dim moonlight, he saw that she was looking fully at him, not a muscle of her lovely features moved, unless it was to assume a sterner cast; and no response came from her lips.

"Were I timid," he said, at length, "you would embarrass me. But I know your nature, Lorilyn; I know that you are, to a certain degree, insensible to those impulses which have given love its name of bliss. Nevertheless, my heart is at your feet. Will you trample upon it? Without summoning the Muses to inspire me with language for this wooing, I ask you to be my wife. Your answer is—" He leaned forward to take her hand, but she quickly withdrew it.

"You are sudden, Mr. Storms."

"'Sudden,' when, for a whole year, I have watched you in silent worship, expressed happiness only when in your society?"

"Wait. You interrupted me. It is sudden, though not unexpected. My answer is, *no*," and she turned her face from him as she uttered the emphatic monosyllable.

"'No,' Lorilyn?" he repeated, in a hushed voice; "and why?"

"I yielded to your invitation for the piazza, Mr. Storms, but did not agree to tolerate an impromptu catechism."

"Tell me—are you heart-free?"

The answer was prompt, yet repelling:

"I am."

"Good-evening, Lorilyn." He was gone from her side in an instant.

A smile rested on the handsome face of Oscar Storms as he returned to the brilliant company. He appeared less disheartened than might have been supposed, under the circumstances.

"I will not yet despair," was his mental resolve.

The two did not meet again during the evening.

Lorilyn was hardly alone, when a figure approached from the opposite side of the piazza, and Karl Kurtz stood before her.

"You're a foolish girl!" was his exclamation, in an undertone, while he frowned down upon her.

She evinced no surprise at his appearance—least at his words. Her only reply was a quick, momentary glance, then she averted her face.

He continued:

"You've rejected one of the handsomest and wealthiest young men in the country."

"I have," she returned, coolly.

He was becoming irritated.

"Yes, you have—ha! I see, you're in love with somebody else."

"You are mistaken, uncle Karl."

"Mistaken? Then, what is your excuse?"

"So you are about to take me severely to task?" with a slight sarcasm.

"Task?—no; no task about it. Understand, I've set my heart on this match; Oscar Storms will make you a good husband. Your aunt, also, wishes to see you his wife. When you marry him, I'll dower you handsomely—think of that."

"Cease, uncle," Lorilyn said, in a quiet manner; "were Mr. Storms the possessor of millions, I would not marry him, and were you to give me wealth exceeding his, I would not marry him. The reason, I could never love him."

"Bah! nonsense; you'll get over that."

"'Tis useless."

"Useless?—ha! why useless? Money, contentment, independence. Snap your fingers at love—it's all a picture. I tell you, girl, the day will come when you'll *ask* Oscar Storms to *have* you for a wife!"

Those words, called forth by the excitement of argument, were prophetic.

"Never!" rose to her lips, but the word was choked by an effort of involuntary will, and she remained silent.

"Did you hear what I said? Now then, remember what I expect of you—please me by sensibly marrying him. I'll—ha! I'll say no more," and wheeling abruptly on his heel, he left her.

"How strange it is," mused Lorilyn, looking thoughtfully out over the moonlit lawn and into the impenetrable shadows of an adjacent grove; "I can not love this man, though I have tried for the sake of those who have nurtured me since childhood. It is not in my soul. Love?—yes, I have read of it. But, why do I not feel those influences which romance has given to sweeten the lives of others? Oscar Storms—*do* I dislike him? He has wooed me with his eyes, and with persistent attentions. To-night—no, no, I must think no more upon this silly theme. Love?—the word is a mockery to one whose disposition is like mine."

It was a strange voice that added to the charms of ice which made Lorilyn St. Clair so beautiful—deep, rich, though not of that melody which poets have so lavishly endowed to womankind. It was an easy monotone, distinct and slightly masculine; at times voluming forth the utterance with impressive emphasis, then sinking to a low strain; and if this *was* melody, it was peculiar.

A few moments she sat, with mind random bent, when two forms came upon her view, rapidly nearing the mansion.

Their gait was of a quickness that betokened haste.

At the steps, they paused. A murmuring of voices reached her, and, without intending, she found herself listening.

"One minute to eleven," said one who held a watch in his hand.

Just then, the large hall clock began to strike.

"We are here in time," continued the strange voice. "Come in."

"Maester, *won't* you take the box? Indeed, indeed, I'm afraid—"

"Ha! ha! ha! afraid?—and carried it all the way from England? Hold it tight. Now, follow me."

They ascended the steps to the door.

When the last stroke of the clock died out, one of the comers knocked.

"Rap! rap! rap!" echoed the summons, loudly.

The music had ceased; there was a lull of the voices within the house, and an ominous silence settled around her who watched the strangers from her secluded seat on the piazza.

(*To be Continued.*)

The Ruby.—We generally speak of the diamond as the most valuable of gems, but this is not really the case. The ruby is the most valuable, but it depends for its rarity upon its color. The ruby is the next hardest thing to the diamond. It is found principally in the East. Siam, and Ava and Ceylon afford the most plentiful supplies. In Burmah the finding of one of these jewels is made a State event; the grandees of the empire go out to meet it, with elephants and all the grandeur of Eastern state. There are many shades of red, but the most approved, and commanding the highest price, is that of the "pigeon's blood." The ruby, in common with many other precious stones, had magical properties attributed to it by the ancients; indeed we do not doubt that in the East the superstitious ideas connected with it are as rife as ever. Our ancestors believed that it was a preservative against evil thoughts, and that much dreaded thing of old—poison. It kept the wearer safe from all evil spirits, and what was more, its sanitary power was held to be so great that he was said never to suffer in bodily health. Moreover, it was supposed to be endowed with a certain occult intelligence. It was believed that the gem darkened when danger awaited a person, and grew bright again when the peril had passed away.

Strangely Wed:

OR,

WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GIRL'S WIT AGAINST THE FIELD!

WE return to Justine. Surprised, overpowered, and thrust into the carriage, it was some minutes before she could recover from the sense of angry mortification she experienced at this unexpected result.

She had known the plots against her, had planned in her turn to baffle them, and had been ingloriously defeated.

She threw herself back on the cushioned seat in a passion of angry despair. She knew how useless it would be to make any outcry or appeal to the two men who were mounted together on the box. These, she was confident, were Simpson and Doctor Bruce.

A few tears forced themselves up from the well of bitterness, to which her heart—the well-spring of all feeling—had for the moment turned. She dashed them away with an impatient hand, and sat bolt upright, communing with herself.

"Justine, my girl, this will never do!" she mentally exclaimed. "You have proved yourself an ultra simpleton, a consummate little ninny! Now, what do you intend to do to retrieve your character?

"Let yourself be shut up in an asylum and listen to the howling, screaming lunatics about you until you become a howling, screaming lunatic yourself? Oh, no, no! I'll fight them tooth and nail, bite, scratch and scream— But there! that would only seem to prove their assertion that I am a bedlamite broken loose, and I don't suppose I possibly *could* conquer those two villainous tools up there on the box by physical prowess.

"If I only had a revolver, I'd shoot them through the panels, and trust to the horses running away in the wrong direction. If ever a poor mortal stood in need of providential interposition, I do at this minute. If an axle would break, or a wheel come off, or those two ruffianly fellows drink a little too deeply from a brandy flask brought along to liven the tedium of this lonely way, I might stand the ghost of a chance. As it is, there's not the ghost, let alone the chance.

"Why couldn't I exercise my ingenuity while I had space to work in a little more hopeful than this situation? Why didn't I find some means to get rid of that deceitful woman, and let myself out of the window by a rope made of the sheets? Or, better still, why didn't I strangle her? I know the *modus operandi* perfectly. It only required my silken girdle, made in the form of a noose, dropped over her neck from behind, and the ivory handle of my hair-brush inserted to twist it round and round. I'd not have killed her quite, of course; I shouldn't like such black blood on my hands, besides a slight disinclination I fancy I'd have to taking human life of any one.

"I'd just have choked her into submission, tied her fast to a bedpost, and made my way out through her rooms by means of the lost closet key, which brought me one streak of good fortune in the finding of it. Ridiculously poor use I've made of the knowledge it brought me, I'm bound to confess; but it seems that happy resources always do elude me till it's too late.

"I've got that self-same closet key in my pocket at this instant, along with the purse containing my quarterly allowance, and sundry other little affairs of not the slightest possible use to me in this contingency.

"Oh, who knows? I've got an *idea*, at least; but, oh me! what if it fail? What a coward I am, notwithstanding all my attempts at bravado. Trembling like the veriest chicken-heart, and afraid to test the bare possibility I've chanced upon. For shame, Justine, for shame! And better—think—*for Gerald!*"

Trembling she certainly was from that faint hope quivering in her breast.

The carriage lamp had not been lighted, and she groped her way through thick darkness to the door. She passed her hands over the panels until she found the lock, and, all aquiver with excitement, tried the closet key, which she scarcely dared hope would fit it.

The key slid easily into the orifice, and the bolt shot back beneath her hand. She grew faint and dizzy for a moment with sudden joy. Escape, at the risk of broken limbs and neck and imminent danger of discovery and recapture, was heaven to the blank of despair which a moment before she had been trying to browbeat into a less frightful aspect.

She swung the door silently ajar and peered out into the night. The sky was thickly clouded over, but a faint light struggling through betokened that the moon was already rising. She could discern the outline of the wood, and here and there a waymark which she recognized. They were five miles distant from The Terrace now, and on a road leading within a mile of Centreton. The wind was rising, and the carriage was bowling over the road at a rate fearfully rapid for her project.

"What's the use having a carriage placed at one's service if one don't take the benefit of it?" she said to herself. "Very kind of Mr. Granville to help me so far on my way. I'd like to leave a message of thanks, but I'm afraid that for once I must sacrifice politeness and inclination to that first law of self-preservation. Ah, my most solicitous guardian and feminine coadjutor, no doubt you are glorying now over having taken a kid napping, but what will you say, I wonder, if you find that your kid has turned out a coon? Now, Justine, my girl, strike for liberty or for death!"

They were nearing the point where the Centreton road branched off. Justine swung the carriage-door a little further open, and slipped her lithe, tiny figure through the aperture; she swung the door quickly shut again, clinging to the side of the vehicle, and gaining a precarious footing on the small stationary step, she turned the lock without and withdrew the key. Then she accommodated her body to the swaying motion of the carriage, and, after a moment, made a quick, flying leap to the ground.

The carriage rolled on; the men on the box remained totally ignorant of this bold escape.

Justine sent one glance after them, and sped away over the road toward the town. Her light, lithe figure had been scarcely jarred by the dangerous leap.

It was growing rapidly light, as the moon rose higher behind the clouds. The wind, blowing in sharp gusts, fluttered her garments; but it was at her back, and helped her on the way.

The clock was on the stroke of ten as she passed into the waiting-room of the Centerton railway depot. A down train was just moving away, with a series of warning whiffs and snorts, over the track. The crowd of passengers dispersing slowly from the platform never heeded the tiny dark-cloaked figure as it passed—none but one, a youth slightly built, clad in a suit of unpretending gray, and with a soft hat slouched low over his shining black eyes.

He turned, watching attentively as she disappeared over the threshold, and then followed after her. Justine approached the little square window of the ticket office.

"When does the next train leave for Pittsburgh?" she inquired.

"Ten-forty, Miss!"

"A ticket, please."

She received it and was turning away, when a hand dropped lightly upon her shoulder. She started and almost cried out, but it was Art's eyes she found looking down into hers, and Art's welcome voice speaking in her ears.

"It's truly ye, Justine. I could scarce believe it when I saw ye first. Come out here where we'll not be heard; I've much to say to ye. But tell me first how ye're here, and why?"

"They were sending me to an asylum for the insane, but I jumped from the carriage and ran away here. There! you have it all in a nut-shell, Art. But you—where have you been? I tried to find you and Naome—I'll tell you presently how much I needed you—but you were not at the hut nor in the wood."

He led her out upon the platform, which was quite deserted now, and pacing up and down, rapidly detailed the circumstances attending the escape of Arthur Clare, with which the reader is already acquainted.

"You rescued my father, and he is a sane man! Oh, Art! my good, true friend, how can I ever thank you enough? I could love you all my life for that, apart from your great kindness to me. Heaven bless that dear, noble heart of yours!"

"I'd serve years o' my life, for such words from ye," he said, in a stifled, tremulous voice. "Oh, Justine, Justine! I'd go through any danger—I'd glory to die for ye if it was needed for yer happiness.

"I'm naught but a poor, despised Gipsy lad, that's had kicks and cuffs from yer kind in his life, with no one but Mother Naome to care much for me, and she never tried to teach me aught but to thirst for revenge! And ye, ye're like a bright star up in the heavens, as far off from me, for ye're another man's wife; but I love ye, Justine, with the honest love of all my soul.

"Do ye remember the night at the great house when the cabinet was overturned? It was I that did it, and 'twas for yer sake as ye shall know; ye saw me through the winder, but ye never peached. Do ye see this? It's the little purse ye gave Naome one day. I wouldn't keep yer money, but I kept this, for I loved ye even then.

"I'm wild to be telling ye all this, but my heart would break if I didn't speak. I'll never trouble ye, and I want no better happiness than to serve ye; only tell me that ye don't despise me, and that ye'll think of me kindly sometimes when ye've come to be a happy wife—"

He broke down there with a choking sob, and great tears rained down over his boyish cheeks.

"My poor Art! My dear, dear friend," was all Justine could say as she stroked his rough hand with her little soft palm, and her own quick tears sprung up in sympathy.

She was not sorry just then to hear the distant rumble of the approaching train; the scene was a painful one to her.

Art quickly regained his composure, and turned his handsome, swarthy face with a smile upon it, toward her.

"I'll try to crush it down, Justine, and you'll forgive me this once. I see pity and grief for me in yer eyes, but don't ye sorrow for that; ye've done me good, ye've brought me other thoughts instead of the wild sort I held once. I'll make such a man yet as I never would have made but for ye."

He wrung her hand with a painful pressure, and turned away hastily to procure a ticket for the rapidly nearing train. He had been *en route* for The Terrace for the purpose of seeing her, acquainting her of her father's safety, and aiding her to reach him.

A few moments more and they were being whirled away over the iron rails, with the red lights of the Centreton station lessening to minute points in the distance.

The train was slightly delayed by some trivial cause, upon the way, and it was breaking light when they reached Pittsburgh. It was a chilly morning, with a fine, sleety mist in the air, which was neither rain nor snow, but dissolved to slippery damp, as it touched the earth. Justine shivered, and drew her cloak closer about her.

"It'll be hours afore the folks are astir at Doctor Chalmers' house," said Art. "They'll not think to see ye so soon. There's a little coffee-house over the way here, where ladies go, that's open night and day. Ye must be nigh about famished, awake all the night as ye were. We'll go in there and have a bit o' breakfast afore we take the streets, if ye say it."

"Indeed, I feel the need of a cup of strong hot coffee. How thoughtful you are, Art!"

He led the way into the place, which was quite deserted at this early hour, and ordered the different viands for which she specified a preference. Sitting *tete-a-tete*, saying little, and slowly sipping the hot, fragrant coffee, Justine's thoughts were on the alert.

"Are you acquainted with the city, Art?" she asked.

"Pretty well. I get the run of a place soon."

"Do you know where No. 9 Blank street is?"

"Blank street? That runs across our way to Doctor Chalmers' house, and isn't far from here. I don't know aught of the numbers though, and this one may be a mile away."

"We have plenty of time, so we will not mind that. I want you to take me there, Art, while we are waiting for a seasonable hour to make our appearance. I am quite ready to go at once."

It was broad day when they emerged upon the street again. Shop-boys were busy taking down the shutters; opening the business emporiums for the day.

No. 9 Blank street, found at a distance of a half-dozen squares, was a long, narrow side-room in a crowded block, and was fitted

with the appurtenances of a locksmith's craft.

The proprietor of the place was his own shop-boy as well; he was engaged dusting his shelves with a large feather brush as the two entered.

"I wish to purchase a key like this, but a size smaller," said Justine, finding herself suddenly in want of some plausible pretext for their presence there, at the same time producing the closet key, which she still had in her possession.

It was a very ordinary key, and easily mated, but while the locksmith compared the size with sundry bunches which hung upon the wall, Justine had a full view of his thin, sallow face and cold eyes—the very counterpart of Wert, her guardian's tool.

"The name is no coincidence," she whispered to Art, as they passed out. "This Wert is twin-brother in looks, and villainous ones at that, to the Wert of my knowledge and yours. Oh, I know—I *know* that we will save Gerald now!"

We pass over the meeting between father and daughter, so cruelly separated for so many years. Justine was to Arthur Clare the living image of that other Justine who had been a tender wife to him, notwithstanding the base deceit through which she was induced to wed him, but in which he had no share. And the shattered, mild-faced man who was prematurely crowned with the silver hairs which belong to ripe old age, in his child-like innocence and dependence, found a place at once in the depth of the girl's warm impulsive affections, second only to that occupied by her lover-husband—her idol.

They were sitting together, father and daughter, on the evening after their reunion.

Justine had been telling him her plans, which he approved, as he would have done any thing she might propose.

"I must have a lawyer, papa," said she. "I must have the best counsel to be had in the city. I will require a great deal of money, I suppose, and I have only a little more than sixty dollars in my purse. Of course you have none yet, and will have none until you get your own back again from Mr. Granville. Do you think I could borrow some of Doctor Chalmers, papa, for present use?"

"Money! Why, how forgetful I am," said Mr. Clare, fondly stroking the dusky little head at his side. "You must have quite a little fortune at your command now, Justine. All of your mother's wealth, over a hundred thousand dollars, was placed in trust for you. Your guardian never had *that* in his possession, though I believe he schemed for it. You can not touch the principal until you are of age, but the interest which has been accumulating all the years of your life is yours whenever you call for it.

"I remember the solictor with whom the papers were placed was recommended by our good friend, the doctor; we must go to him now for the information we shall need. Ames, I think, was the lawyer's name."

Doctor Chalmers was ready with the address of the solicitor, who had become a leading lawyer at the city bar. At his recommendation Justine lost no time in retaining Ames as counsel in Gerald's cause.

James Wert, locksmith, was surprised and slightly startled one day when the famed lawyer quietly entered his narrow shop, and demanded a private audience in a manner which would admit of no denial.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon all that transpired during this interview. Suffice it to say that a reluctant admission was wrung from Wert of his complicity in the preparation of the machine which had brought such sorrowful disaster upon Lambert. The lawyer had but little time in which to prepare a defense, and chose to deal with the man in the readiest manner.

Wert was offered a sum of no inconsiderable value, and assured of the protection of the parties most deeply interested, if he would come forward with his true testimony; a refusal would bring immediate prosecution upon him.

There was none of the honor which is said to prevail among villains in the man's soul. He took his choice of the alternatives, and was secretly conscious afterward that he was under the constant surveillance of the law, until that power should make use of him.

The carriage from which Justine had effected her escape, rolled rapidly on. The two men upon the box, in blissful ignorance, exchanged an occasional word and lapsed into silent reflections upon such matters as chanced to engross their minds according to their different spheres.

They drew up at a little wayside inn, as it was breaking day. Their destination was still twenty miles further on, and they proposed giving the horses a few hours' rest here, obtaining such creature comforts for themselves as the place would afford.

Doctor Bruce, descending, unlocked the carriage-door and threw it back.

"You can get down if you please, Miss," he said, in his harsh tones. "I'd advise you not to indulge in any tantrums here. It would only tell against you, you see!"

There was no response from within.

"Asleep," suggested Simpson, drawing near.

"In the sulks, more likely," retorted the doctor, as he thrust his head into the vehicle.

The shadows lay thick in the corners, and it was a moment before his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, then he started back, with a frightful oath breaking over his lips.

"She's gone!" he said, savagely, turning upon his companion.

"Gone! Good Lord! how could sh ?" ejaculated Simpson, with one hasty glance assuring himself that the startling statement was truth.

"I have heard of witches' work, and on my soul, I believe that this is a piece of it," Simpson averred.

"Nonsense, man," responded the doctor, roughly. "The girl was a shrewd one and she has managed to outwit us; how she did it is neither here nor there. She's gone; that's all of it."

Simpson had turned to a livid color about the lips.

"I'd never dare go back to The Terrace and tell them that," he said. "I believe the master would kill me if I did; he's terrible when he's got his anger up. I'd never feel myself safe to go back."

"Then don't do it, that's all!"

Simpson stared at the other blankly.

"What shall I do?" he asked, in a piteous whine.

"Do as I shall do—make tracks! The young lady is not apt to go back of her own free will, or to convey the information there just yet of her escape. I engaged to put her in the asylum, and have the pay for doing it in my pocket now. I mean just quietly to report that I've fulfilled my part of the contract, and leave them to grow wiser as they may. You can go back pretending the same, or give them the slip, as you think best. All I ask of you is to put me down within reach of the nearest railroad route, and I'll not peach, no matter what course you take."

Simpson turned the matter over in his mind, but not even to Doctor Bruce did he divulge the determination he arrived at. He conveyed the latter to the nearest railway station at his request, and there took leave of him.

A day or two later a respectable-looking serving-man made sale of a carriage and pair at a town some distance further on, sent to the bartering stables there for that purpose by his master, he averred.

Some one at a still later date recognized the blood horses as having belonged to Mr. Granville; and Simpson never was seen again in the neighborhood of The Terrace.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

Pearl of Pearls:

OR,

CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

"HOLD on," commanded Rover, interposing an arm between the struggling child and the upraised strap.

"Let me get at her, I say!" screamed the woman. "I'll kill her for that blow!—I'll kill her!"

"No yer won't, neither. We ain't a-goin' to have no killin' around *here*, 'cause I ain't just ready to be hung *yet*. Now, hold on—"

"But she had no business to strike me!" shrilly.

"Never mind now; you jest hold *on*. Le' *me* fix 'er."

"What'll you do? Eh?—what'll you do?"

"Put 'er down the hole," with a devilish grin.

The female seemed suddenly pleased. She immediately acquiesced in the man's suggestion.

"Yes, yes, yes; put her down the hole! Ho! my little scratch-cat, that'll bring you to your senses!"

She restored the strap to its place on the wall.

"Let me go!" cried Pearl, as she fought in vain to release herself.

"Fetch that 'ere light," said Rover.

She caught up the candle and brought it toward him.

Rover clapped a hand over his captive's mouth, and drew her toward one corner.

The woman gripped a ring in the floor, and raised a large trap-door, discovering a hole beneath that was black and forbidding.

"Will yer keep yer mouth shet, if I take my hand away?" he asked.

Pearl nodded her head affirmatively. She was almost suffocated.

The moment she could speak, she wailed:

"Oh! don't—don't put me down in that awful place!"

"Hush up! Yer said yer'd keep yer mouth shet."

"But you won't put me down there, will you? Oh, don't!—please don't!"

"Down with her!" snapped the woman.

"Will yer swear what we wants yer to? Come, now, it's yer last chance."

"No, I won't!" suddenly and defiantly. "Go on, you cowards!—do whatever you will! I'll *never* be a thief!"

"Down with her!" yelped the woman again.

Rover took Pearl up, and stepped to the edge of the hole.

"Mind: if yer makes any more noise, I'll let yer fall!" he threatened.

There was a rude ladder leaning against one side of the opening, and he began a cautious descent of this, for it creaked and bent when his bulky weight rested upon it.

But Pearl made no further resistance—she saw it would be useless.

Rover set her down on the damp earth floor of the cellar, and then returned to the room above, pulling the ladder up after him.

"Now then!" chuckled the woman, waving the candle so that she could look down at the captive child, "see how you like that. You'll stay there with the rats, and catch cold, and be sick and hungry; and you won't get out till you're ready to swear! Hear?"

The trap fell with a thud, and Pearl was in darkness.

She sunk to her knees, and bowed her head to her clasped hands.

"God pity me!" she moaned, sobbingly, as her poor heart felt the full hopelessness of her condition. "Oh! papa—papa! I wish I was with you. If it is wrong to wish for death, I can not help it, for I *do*, I *do* wish I could die, and come to you in heaven!"

Then, groping about her, she discovered a pile of planks in one corner, on which she sat down, while the realization of her terrible situation continued to prey and prey upon her mind, until she could have cried out in agony.

At last she laid down. She was so tired that, even had her troubles been doubly augmented, she could not have forced off the drowsy feeling that came over her.

She slept. On that rough, hard couch her body found rest, and the weary eyelids closed in slumber.

The damp air of the place made no difference; even the starved rats that ran noiselessly around did not disturb her; and at one time her lips moved, as, in a sweet dream, she thought herself once more in the dear old home, roaming through its apartments and halls—and with the loved voice of her governess speaking, as she had so lately done, those warm encouragements to bear up under trial, and look to Heaven for hope.

Almost night again.

During the day following Pearl's imprisonment, she scarcely heard a footstep overhead. All was ominously still.

About noon the woman had let down a piece of stale bread and a bottle of water, by means of a rope; but she did not utter a word.

At first the young girl could not touch the miserable food; it was repulsive to her. But hunger compelled her to it at last, and she ate by force.

All day long she had been silent—thinking.

When daylight came, it had disclosed a little square hole at one side, on a level with the pavement.

A faint hope arose in her bosom; but it was doomed to dispelment when she saw, also, that she could not escape in this way, for it was crossed by two stout iron bars.

Why not call for help, and attract the attention of some passer-by?

"No," she thought, with sad resignation; "if I do, these wretched beings may kill me, for they look wicked enough to do any thing. And I do not wish them to stain their hands with the crime of murder."

Then, while the blue eyes filled with tears, she added, lowly:

"But I am not afraid to die! No—I would see papa, then; I would be free from all my sorrow. For I can't believe I've done any thing to keep me out of heaven. I have tried so hard to be good; and I am sure God is too merciful to count *my* little shortcomings, when I have done my best."

And the moments passed, as she sat there dreaming of what heaven might be to those who gained it, and reviewing her young life with an earnestness that few girls, even of older age, ever once think of.

The place grew darker and darker as night deepened, until she was enveloped in a weird, uncertain gloom.

Presently she detected a light, catlike step in the room above. In a few seconds the trap-door was noiselessly raised and laid back on its hinges, admitting a dim stream of light.

Then, to her surprise, she saw one end of the ladder appear at the edge; and this began to lower and lower—all as quiet as if an invisible agency was working with bodiless things.

When the ladder touched the ground, and Pearl looked up to see what was coming next, she discovered a boy's face gazing down at her.

"Hush!" he admonished, in a low tone. "Come on."

"Come on?" repeated Pearl, inquiringly.

"Yes—come on. Come quick. Don't make any noise."

Half-bewildered, she arose and went to the ladder.

The boy, who had been on his knees, now stood up and beckoned to her.

She ascended.

"Be quiet. Be *very* quiet," he cautioned, when she reached the top. "Now come on—hurry."

He led the way out at the side-door, and she, with wild, joyous sensations, followed him.

She was free!

"Oh! thank you—thank you!" she cried, pressing his brown, dirty hand in her own white palms.

"We ain't safe yet," said the boy, uneasily, as he quickened his pace, and glanced, half-frightened, around him.

"How could you do what you did?" she asked. "Where's that fierce woman?—and that ugly man?"

"Why, Sal—that's the gal you saw last night—she's been arrested, and old Mum—that's the woman—she's had to go and get her out. Rover goes out always at daylight, and never comes home till twelve o'clock at night. So, you see, there ain't anybody home. I felt real sorry for you, down there in the cellar—indeed I did; and as I'd made up my mind to run off to-night, whether Rover caught me again or not, I thought I'd help you, too."

"God will reward you for it!" she exclaimed, fervently.

"But we ain't safe yet. We'd better hurry some more."

They were fleeing eastward. Soon they reached Aisquith street, and turned to the right.

When they were on Baltimore street, they went slower—going west.

"Where did you live?" asked Pearl, as they continued along.

"My home's in Richmond. Rover stole me away from there three years ago."

"And are you going right straight there?"

"No, Miss, I—" he hesitated. "I can't go right off. I must hide about Baltimore till I can steal some money—or something to sell for money."

"You mustn't steal," said Pearl, taking hold of his arm and looking earnestly into his face.

"I know it's wrong," he murmured, "but I can't do any thing else here in this city, without being in danger from Rover. If I was to go to work, it would take so long to save up money to get away, and live all the time besides, that he'd be sure to find me. I know *you're* one of the good kind of girls—I think you're one of the rich sort. I don't blame you for being careful. But *I'm* nobody—it don't make any difference whether I steal or work, for I won't *beg*. Nobody cares for me. Why, if I was to find my father and mother dead when I get back to Richmond, I—I wouldn't have a friend in the world," and he had to utter the last speech rapidly, for his voice was failing.

"Yes, you have got a friend," whispered Pearl. "There *is* somebody who cares for you."

"Who?" he asked, in surprise.

"*I* am your friend. I'll always remember you; and I'll never forget to pray for you, that God may reward you, as I can not, for what you've done for me to-night."

He gazed at her, half-incredulously, though his eyes were dancing and glistening. It was something new for the ragged street child to hear a voice like Pearl's; and as he looked into her lovely face, his heart was thumping wildly.

"Now, you must not steal," she continued. "Promise me you won't."

"Why, I believe I'd promise you any thing!" he cried, emotionally. "But it'll take me a long time to raise the money I need; and maybe Rover 'll find me out, too. But, I don't care—I'll promise you; I will, indeed!"

"You need not wait a day. I'll give you the money to go home with."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Why, didn't Rover take every thing away from you?" he asked, in wonderment.

It did seem strange that the ruffian had not robbed her of all she possessed; but there was the pocketbook, with its contents all safe.

Under the first lamplight they came to they halted.

Pearl handed him three ten-dollar bills.

"Why, Miss—you—you ain't going to give me all this?" he stammered, while the hand that held the notes fairly trembled, and refused to close over them.

"Yes. Put it in your pocket. It isn't safe to show every one what you've got. Now, let's go to the depot—the Washington depot."

"Do you live in Washington?"

"Yes."

"Well, here comes a car that'll take us to Howard street, and then we won't have far to walk to the depot."

"Let us get in."

They entered the approaching car, and Pearl paid the fares, with the air of a *woman* who feels that she has much depending upon her maintenance of a dignified yet gentle mien.

During the ride, the boy was feasting himself on the beauty of her face, and mentally blessing its owner, over and over again, for the great favor she had done him.

They reached the depot; but there was no train till 8:30.

Both were hungry, and they ate plenteously from the tempting dainties that were on the stand near the ladies' waiting-room.

When, at last, the youthful pair procured their tickets, and took their seats in the car, they had not been gone from the waiting-room five minutes, when Claude Paine and Isabel Rochestine entered, and the latter sat down on the very cushion Pearl had just vacated.

Had the young girl lingered only a few moments, she would have met her stepmother, would have met the man who was acting so treacherously toward her, would have met her governess, Nellie Wolfe.

But the programme was otherwise ordained by—the blind variance of human action.

When they arrived at the Washington depot, Pearl stopped near the entrance to bid her companion farewell, and thank him anew for the services he had rendered her.

"Can you find your way over to the other depot?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered, quickly, "I've been here before," adding: "and I'm ever so much obliged to you, Miss. Good-by. Think of me sometimes, please."

He raised her hand to his lips, with a grace that would have become a true knight.

But Pearl partially anticipated him.

Ere he knew what she intended, she leaned forward, and gave him a quick, warm kiss with those ripe, sweet lips; and while his senses whirled, she whispered:

"Yes, I will always think of you. Good-by. And whenever you are tempted to do wrong, you think of Pearl—that's my name—and the kiss she gave you."

"I will! I will! *Good-by!*" he cried, and tore himself away from her ere she could see the tears of joy that were welling in his eyes.

As he ran along the street, he murmured: "God bless Pearl!—God *bless* her! I'll *never* forget that kiss!"

They never met again.

Pearl looked after him, till he was gone from sight, and then she thought of herself.

There were the familiar cars before her—the bright blue sides she had seen so often on the Avenue—and an indescribable thrill pervaded her frame as she thought how near she must be to the house she longed for.

It was with a glad feeling, that she entered one of the cars, and retired to one of the upper corners, where she could avoid the gaze of the other passengers, and be undisturbed in her half-sad, half-happy thoughts.

When she alighted at —th street, her heart fluttered as she started, almost on a run toward her home.

But the gloomy, deserted look that had come over this home, caused her to pause abruptly.

Not a light was visible—not a sound to be heard, and a premonition of something wrong, made her breath come fast, as she looked up at the darkened windows.

"Oh! what can it mean? Has mamma gone away? *What* has happened?"

While she hesitated and wondered, a sound fell upon her ears that, for a second, chilled her veins.

It was a low, chuckling, triumphant laugh."

"By Jove! here she is!" exclaimed a voice.

Two shadowy forms darted out of an alley, not ten paces distant from her—a man and a woman, and the latter caught her roughly by the arm.

One terrified glance sufficed to show her who it was, but ere she could utter the despairing cry that was on her lips, Cassa, the negress, had choked the alarm, by placing a hand over her mouth, and Dorsey Derrick hissed forth:

"So, we've caught you, Miss Flyaway! Silence, now, or it'll be the worse for you. Don't you yelp, now, else we'll have to do a little choking! Understand me, eh?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A PENDING CRISIS.

NELLIE WOLFE was untiring, unrelaxing in her close watch of the couple who, she believed, with her brother, were plotting to cheat Pearl Rochestine out of her lawful inheritance, by spiriting the child away, through some evil, inhuman means, with the intention of entirely deserting her.

For, that Pearl was detained by some wicked power, in some obscure place, she now felt convinced, both by the fact of the deceit with regard to sending the young girl to Ingleside, and by Percy's suggestion that Claude Paine had an interest in keeping Pearl out of the way, if he was to wed the widow of Horace Rochestine.

When the train started, and she had time to reflect, while she continued her important vigil, the late startling scene at the hotel came back to her vividly, and caused her a deep, painful, wondering anxiety.

What had her brother done? What did those men mean, when they said he must answer for the disappearance of some one whose name was Herod Dean? She could not imagine. The name was new to her.

She felt Percy was in some great danger, and she shuddered to think what that danger might be, and whence its rise.

But he had seemed confident. He said there could be nothing to detain him long; and, remembering this, she partially consoled herself, by forcing the belief into her mind, that he was innocent of any crime, and would, in keeping with his promise, follow after her almost immediately.

Still, her mental uneasiness was by no means thoroughly subdued, and throughout the entire trip, there was a vague train of thought within her, upon the possible peril menacing him.

Claude Paine and Isabel, upon arriving in St. Louis, took rooms at the *Southern*—that finest of all hotels in the Mississippi valley.

Nellie had examined the pocket-book given her by Percy, and found that it contained ample funds to carry out her plan of pursuit, even had the pursued parties led her a long chase before heading for Sacramento.

She, too, engaged a room at the *Southern*—and, by merest chance, it was the very next apartment to that occupied by Claude Paine, with locked folding-doors between. This she did not discover, however, until she had been several days at the hotel.

Among her first acts, she addressed a note to the office of the Planter's hotel, for Percy Wolfe—to be delivered to the person who should claim the letter, by that name.

When Paine availed himself of the first clear day, to invite Isabel to ride, and view the city, Nellie did not lose sight of them for a moment.

While they were being driven along the great twelve-mile Avenue that is destined to become *the* bouvelard of this continent, she, in a carriage, was following close behind, ordering her driver as they ordered theirs; when they slackened their speed, to gaze on the parks, the cathedrals, the fair-grounds, the handsome residences—or, again, glided swiftly along Fourth street, and finally returned to the hotel—*wherever* they went, she was there, with her watchful eyes noting every movement, every turn, and, sometimes she was near enough to hear the melodious laugh that was Isabel's subtlest charm.

In the evening, when Paine and Isabel went to the theater, Nellie was on hand, occupying a seat in the opposite box, and, with the aid of glasses, she spied upon their every action.

Isabel had wondered at her lover's stopping so long in St. Louis, after expressing such eagerness to traverse the Continent at once; but he quieted her surprise and curiosity, by informing her, that he had met a party at the office of the hotel, who had only recently come from Sacramento, and who brought such news regarding the business crisis, as entirely served to allay his fears.

"Now that we have plenty of time," he said, one day, as they were ascending from dinner, "let us get a good rest here, and enjoy ourselves while resting."

"Any thing you say, Claude," she answered, with her wonted smile, and it would seem by the zest with which she entered into his little plans for amusement, that the dead husband was long ago forgotten—as completely erased from her memory, as if he had never held a place there.

But Claude Paine, with all his assumption of gayety and vivacious humor, was, in his heart, terribly uneasy.

He had not yet heard from Derrick. So many days had elapsed without the expected arrival of his confidential associate—and no message, either—that he began to fear and surmise as to the stability of his schemes.

Why had not Derrick written?—or telegraphed? Why was he not there in person?

"It is very singular!" he mused aloud, one evening, as he sat, in dressing-gown and slippers, before the warm grate—with elbows on the chair-arms, forefingers pointed together, and eyes fixed steadily on the glowing fire; "Derrick never acted in this way before. Can any thing have happened? Can it be that the child is eluding them?—and is searching for Isabel? *Still* Derrick ought to send me word of some kind; this suspense is growing unbearable."

He shifted his position, was silent and thoughtful for some time; then he broke forth again, while his lips wreathed in a peculiar way:

"If it was not for this trifling difficulty about Pearl, now, I would certainly think I had managed things with unprecedented cleverness. If I don't hear from or see Derrick here by to-morrow, I shall *move*, and he may— But, by Jove!"—suddenly remembering—"Dorsey Derrick has got the will! He never handed it back to me; and I have had so much to attend to that I forgot it, up to this moment! What if he should play me false?—use the document against me? He could ruin me! But he has nothing to gain by it—why should he do it? If he does"—and he scowled as the dark resolve came into his heart—"by the Eternal! I'll track him over the whole world, till I find him—and then I'll have his life!—"

"*Oh, villain!*"

"Ha! who spoke?"

It was a sharp, penetrating whisper, a half-hiss, that interrupted him, and the source seemed to be directly behind his chair.

He sprung from the chair, and glanced quickly round the room. But he was alone.

"Surely, I heard a voice!"

He looked into the closet, under the bed, in the wardrobe, behind the rich folds of the window-curtain—and discovered nothing.

"It was not fancy," he muttered, as he resumed his seat, still gazing dubiously about him; "I can not have imagined so distinctly. And yet I believe I am growing slightly nervous. The words— Perdition! the words came from there!" and his eyes rested on the folding-doors.

He heard a faint rustling in the adjoining room. Then all was still.

A fierce scowl settled on his face.

"I have been spied upon. I have, perhaps, betrayed myself by my cursed forgetfulness. I'll find out who you are—eavesdropper!" nodding significantly toward the door.

But Claude Paine was destined to learn more than he wished, when morning came.

While arranging his toilet for breakfast, with his usual care and precision, there was a rapid thumping at his door.

In considerable surprise, he answered the summons; and he half-believed that Derrick had arrived at last.

Then, with a cry of astonishment, a feeling of dread, he recoiled a step, for the waiter who stood there handed him a card, the name on which caused the color to recede from his face, and his eyes to start and stare.

"'PERCY WOLFE!'" he exclaimed, with a choking gasp.

A low voice echoed the name, and the servant saw the young lady of the next room issue forth quickly into the hall, and approach them.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 125.)

☞ WE talk of the extravagance of modern ladies; Herodotus says that the revenues of Anthylla, in Egypt, a city of considerable magnitude, were always given to the wife of the governor for her expenses in shoes.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

THE Saturday WEEKLY Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
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☞ WE shall, in an early number, commence the already heralded new serial from the pen of the brilliant and popular Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton, viz.:

MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES;

OR,

The Fateful Legacy.

Full of a strange, weird personal interest, involving a tissue of singularly inter-related events and situations, and plotted with rare skill, it must prove one of the most captivating serial romances which it has been our pleasure to place before the lovers of popular literature.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—We are informed, by our reporter for the "Woman's World," that for the coming season ladies' dresses are to be even more loaded than ever with trimmings—making the cost of a dress twice or thrice the mere cost of the goods in the garment proper. It would seem as if our women of society are running a race to see who shall be the most foolish and extravagant. A very common price, nowadays, for a *cheap dress* is forty dollars, and this, we are told by our reporter, is *very* reasonable! Forty dollars once meant forty days of hard savings out of a salary of one thousand dollars per year, but now—"Why, dear me!" exclaims the astonished wife, "it's *nothing!*" It will again be something, believe us, to many a household ruined by the present rage for dress. Women are becoming "expensive luxuries," indeed, when even the least "dressy" of them hold up their hands in holy horror at being confined to three twenty-dollar bonnets and six sixty-dollar dresses per year. Such a restriction of their wardrobe is simply atrocious in the estimation of nine-tenths of the women who "see anybody." Well, ladies, all we have got to say is you are digging the grave of your own happiness, for, to marry you is simply impossible to the great army of young men working upon salaries or at trades. A prudent young man, seeking for a wife, will shun a woman who must live "in the fashion," as he would shun any other affliction.

—It is a frequent habit of authors to remit a MS. and to ask for a remittance of its value at once. We don't do business in that off-hand manner, friends. In the first place it may take two weeks to reach and report on your contribution; then, if accepted, it will take at least another week for it to get on the pay list. Let us, please, do the business in our own methodic way. No office in New York is more prompt, we think, with contributors. We know we report on MSS. more rapidly than most of our confreres. And if, in any instance, there is delay, it is simply unavoidable.

What it is and is not.—A. W. Griswold (Fat Contributor) referring to popular publications, in his *Saturday Night* weekly, thus adverts to the SATURDAY JOURNAL:

> One of the best of the New York weeklies devoted to original romances and the like, is the SATURDAY JOURNAL, published by Beadle & Co. Although only some two years old, it can show a circulation equal to the oldest of the Eastern story papers. A very large number is sold in Cincinnati every week.

Being a newspaper man, and thoroughly posted in such matters, "Gris." speaks authoritatively, It is true that in two years our paper has attained a circulation which other papers were *ten* years in securing. This success has been due, we suppose, to the fact that it is catered for with more care than any weekly paper now published in this city. Merit alone is the criterion of its selections. We know that we reject *hundreds* of contributions which find ready use in other weeklies.

Again, we are in no sense *sensational*. This we abhor, if by it is meant what is atrocious, improbable and false to nature. Our writers are no pen mountebanks, but earnest, talented, graceful narrators, whose productions are their best work. This it is which removes the SATURDAY JOURNAL from the category of papers that appeal to an ephemeral taste. Once it secures a reader that reader remains with it. Thus, step by step, it is making its way into homes and hands which confide in it and *love* it, and in due time it will, we suppose, reach an enormous circulation.

The day is at hand when the great body of American readers demand what is intrinsically good and pure rather than what is meretricious or sensational. In taste and morals our people have made a decided advance, in a few years, and no sign in American popular journalism is more hopeful than this. The popular weekly is the *avant courier* in this progress, and it is the aim of the publishers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL to make it a type of what is best, most original and most distinctively *American* of all the weeklies.

IMPURE LITERATURE.

FATHERS and mothers, a word with you. You know it's not often that Eve dictates to anybody, or points out the way in which people should tread, so I haven't much fear of losing your attention now I am on the platform.

Won't you please to look after the style of literature that your children read? If you do not censure them for reading what is wrong, how are they to know it is hurtful? It pains me a deal to see young people rushing to the newsvender's on the day that some immoral publication arrives, and then almost greedily devouring its contents.

Vice is not pictured in the hideous colors it deserves; no, it is made to look alluring.

Are there not plenty of good papers in existence—are there not sufficient good books?

This evil commences in a very simple way. Perhaps Mr. Meanwell, on his way home, purchases one of these vile sheets, thinking it can not corrupt *him*, and he will put it away where it will not be likely to corrupt others. It's all very well for him to *think* so, and still better if he'd only *act* up to his resolutions; but man is careless, and in his hurry to eat his dinner, he leaves the paper where the children can see it.

They look at the pictures, and they desire to know what they are about, and so they read words that, to their pure minds, are as the ink-spot on the immaculate white paper. The mischief is done, their appetite for such poisonous literature has only been whetted, and they want more, which they purchase themselves. Mother has too much to attend to and can not take up her time to see what her children read.

She *should* take time to do so; it will save her ceaseless worry in the days to come; she will go down to the grave with an easier conscience, knowing she has done her duty and has saved the souls of her children from being defiled by this dirt, for you can call it nothing else.

You think *you* can not crush out this evil—that it is an impossibility for mortal man to do so? I disagree with you, and here give you a remedy: do not purchase them, and they will die for lack of support. Take into your homes only what is ennobling, instructive and good. We are to follow the examples of the virtuous and not of the vicious.

You tell me, perhaps, that to read of the deeds of the wicked will cause us to shun them. It will *not;* when these papers make heroes of burglars, and record how the "clever" pickpocket gets off with his booty unmolested, the record is as essentially vicious as the record of Jack Sheppard's exploits—and that book has made *thousands* of burglars!

If the way of the good is to be learned, let it be learned out of books and papers which will not cause a blush upon the countenance of youth and innocence. Thanks be, there are *some* honest newsvenders among us, who will have nothing whatever to do with this vicious literature, and I would that we had more of the same sort of men among us. As these papers sell immensely, of course it is a sacrifice to the newsman's pocket not to keep them; so you see the world is not all avaricious.

Parents, it is your *duty* to see that your children do not get these papers, and every true woman will agree with me on this subject. If you see a worm feasting on a rose-leaf, do you not brush it away? Then think of your children as rose-leaves and the illustrated editions of crime as worms, and worms too of the vilest kind. Banish them from your households!

And, gentlemen, do not bring them into your homes to blast your children's lives. It has been said that the drunkard's career commenced by eating the sugar at the bottom of a glass of brandy. I tell you, many a criminal will look back on these literary abominations as the real author of all his fall. Down with this poisonous literature, and up with the pure and good!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

What I Know About Animals.

It has been asserted by a writer in the South African *Quarterly Review*, that my knowledge of animals does not reach clear out of sight. The writer of this slander is a falsehooder of the deepest persuasion, and a traitor to his country. I have just finished a book of Natural History to show the world that I am a very natural historian, and not such a simpleton as they take me to be. My reputation must be kept up at all hazards, regardless of expense. The book is entitled—"What I know About Animals." Here is the tenor of the work.

The Grizzly Bear, or Dromedary, as it is sometimes called, resembles the Giraffe, and is much admired for its long branching horns or antlers. When attacked, it bristles up and shoots its sharp quills at its adversary. They cut down trees and build dams across the stream, and under the water build their houses. When winter approaches, large flocks of them are seen flying toward the south. From them we get our valuable whalebone for umbrellas, and sperm oil, and excellent combs are made out of their hoofs.

The Alpine Chamois is fierce and untamed. It swoops down from its proud eyrie on the beetling crag, grasps the cottager's little babe in his talons, and soars aloft with him on glad pinions. The babe never gets over it, but its parents get used to such business after awhile and don't seem to mind it much.

The Giraffe is much to be dreaded. It quietly rises up out of its African river, takes the nearest little nigger that happens to be sleeping around loose under a tree, in his long and powerful jaws—and that's about all any more that anybody can say about the little nigger.

Perhaps the fleetest of all fleet-footed beasts that roam the wilds of Africa, is the Boa Constrictor. It is said to trot around with a good deal of liveliness. As there are no blacksmiths there, they are in the habit of going without shoes. 181 men can ride on one at the same time, with room enough for a few more passengers inside.

They measure hundreds of feet from the tip of their wings to the end of their toes, and when they straighten up they can hang their hats on the top of Trinity spire. They can swallow a mud road.

The Goose is of the high-pressure tribe, for oft as the lonely traveler journeys along through the South American forests, it wraps itself around him in many a fold, and tightens up. The traveler finds he is in the most pressing business he ever was in in his life. He would run, but he feels pressed to stay. It then unwinds itself and swallows him, no matter how much he paid for his clothes. I wouldn't like to be a Goose.

As the fearless explorer wends his way over the untrodden plains of New Jersey, in search of the shores of the Nile, and the North Pole, and sundry watermelons and peaches, he is often attacked by the fierce animal, known as the *Canine Taurus.* This animal has very little human nature in his soul, and no respect for one's feelings. Stimulated by one of these beasts, when I was a promising young man, I jumped over a twelve-railed fence, with my pockets full of watermelons for ballast. I wouldn't like to be one of them, either.

The Wild Cat is not an oyster as some think, but is one of the finest of all bipeds, and is very like the lobster in personal appearance.

About the slipperiest of all quadrupeds is the Eel. It builds its nest in the top of a tree, and with its sweet song it cheers the lonely traveler, in the wilds of Indiana, as he stops to pluck from the bending branches of the forest, oranges and pendent papers of candy, and wax dolls, and baby-shoes, and gum-drops, for all the trees there are Christmas trees.

I have always considered the Rooster to be the largest of the fish species.

I have a most perfect knowledge of the Elephant. I have seen him very often, and frequently at great expense. He grows wild in the jungles of England. Thousands are killed by the natives for the fine-toothed combs and cane-handles which their tusks contain. A strange thing is, they all have a canopy on their back, in which the natives ride, and an embroidered cloth all over them. There is no other wild animal that has these characteristics. My information on this point, I have gained mostly from life-like circus bills. About the greatest difference between an elephant and a turkey-buzzard, is that the elephant don't fly much. Their diet is principally ginger-cakes. They are the largest of the insect kingdom.

The Andes Condor is one of the largest flies that I am personally acquainted with. Every morning when I was in the country lately, they waked me up disastrously early, by flapping their wings, and crowing in the barnyard.

The Tiger is the largest of the bug species, and is often taken for the ape, by people who don't know the difference. Its fins are very strong, and it goes through the water at the rate of some distance a minute. It is harpooned with a harp, and lampooned with a lamp, for their elegant feathers.

There are only two kinds of Rats—the cross-eyed kind and the other kind; the cross-eyed kind are no account, and the other kind are no account either.

I regret that so little attention has been given of late to the true study of Natural History, and hope that my valuable book, which I cast like bread, upon the waters, may be taken in by the suckers, and result in much good, and they learn to know all animals on the earth, or in the air, or in biscuit at a glance.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

A Talk with Women.—Ethics of Etiquette.—Paper Clothing.—Self-Motors for Sewing-Machines.—Some New Fashions, etc.

WHILE the true gentleman or lady is known, more by an indescribable air of gentleness, mingled with self-respect, than by an observance of rules of etiquette, yet a certain degree of knowledge of those rules which make up what may be considered the small coin of society, is a prime requisite in a gentlewoman's education. That old English term, *gentlewoman*, by the way, ought to be retained in the vocabulary of common, English-American parlance, for it is as significant in its way as *gentleman.*

That grammar of society called etiquette, should be studied only with a view of perfecting ourselves as gentlewomen and ladies. We should never begin to study the rules, until we have thoroughly mastered the principles; the first one of which must be the golden rule, to do unto others as you would they should do unto you! Politeness has been defined as "benevolence in small things," and it is in this spirit we should begin to prepare ourselves for the social circle, by the study of its etiquette.

There is a very objectionable habit in American society, about which we wish to talk with our sisters of the Woman's World.

It is, the custom of gentlemen's paying for ladies' car and stage fares. It is the worst possible taste for a lady to place herself in a position to accept such favors from gentlemen. Indeed, whenever ladies "go out" with young men in this country, they seem to think they can "dead-head" almost every thing, from a car fare to a luncheon, a theater or opera ticket, or even the price of an extended pleasure excursion.

This custom has became so absurd, that conscientious young men, with limited incomes, are almost afraid to go into society at all, for fear they may be considered "mean," or unacquainted with the unwritten laws of polite life. There is but one way to remedy this evil—for evil it certainly is—and that is for ladies to quietly, but firmly, insist upon using their own purses on such occasions. Of course circumstances must regulate the application of the rule; but a fine and nice sensibility in the observance of the golden rule will guide us aright in this matter.

To turn from "grave to gay," yet to a serious subject, too, it seems that in this age of discovery and progress, we are going to falsify the old adage, that very valuable things "do not grow on bushes." We are promised at some early day, that the cheap "paper clothing," which has been worn from time immemorial by our newly-made friends, the Japanese, is about to be introduced into this country. It is a Boston firm that leads the way in bringing before the public "paper overcoats, paper capes, undershirts, leggins, etc." The overcoats, capes and leggins are warranted waterproof, and the shirts made of twisted paper, *netted*, have a wonderful capacity for absorbing prespiration, and will endure twenty washings. Vests with paper fronts and cotton backs will cost but four dollars per dozen. We are not yet told the price of the other garments.

Of course ladies' garments will follow; and, though we are not to expect a return to the simplicity of Eden and fig-leaf garments, yet we will gather our clothing from trees; for this wonderful Japanese paper is not a preparation from old rags, but the product of certain Japanese trees, known as the Japanese "paper persimmon," and the Japanese "paper mulberry."

Now, will this importation from the "wondrous Orient" do away with the modern necessity of the sewing-machine? Perhaps so, in course of time, but for the present, it is sufficient for our lady readers to know that the inventive powers of the "opposite sex" have lately produced a *self-moving* power for sewing-machines.

It is now on exhibition in New York, and consists of a simple, but rather cumbrous machinery of springs, which are wound up, and furnish the motive power in place of the murderous treadle. The machine runs one hour, and is very easily managed and applied. It is said that an electro-motor—much lighter, cheaper and more easily used—the invention of a French-Canadian gentleman, of rare scientific attainments, is now before the Patent Offices in this country as well as in Europe.

As we were examining a large importation of new suits, wraps, and costumes for fall and winter wear a few evenings since, we could not help wondering when the inventions of the age would do away with the ceaseless labor, the unremitting toil it must have cost to have made one of those elaborately-trimmed and embroidered garments. It is actually a fact, that dress, during the coming season, is to be *more extravagant and elaborate than ever!*

Many of the new dresses are made up in but two pieces—the basque and skirt; but the skirt is literally covered with flounces and ruffles and plaitings, generally differently arranged in the back to what they are in the front, or else put on in alternate sections of ruffles or puffs, and kilt plaitings, with bows, tabs and sash ends, or ornaments in *passe menterie* and tassels, placed at intervals among the bizarre and unique garnitures; while the basque is a most elaborate garment, combining a vest, jacket and slashed talma. The whole literally covered with *passe menteries* and a variety of other trimmings.

The sleeves are also very elaborate, being either in the Marie Antoinette or Hungarian shape; or, when a tight coat sleeve, ornamented with a deep, gauntlet cuff, also elaborately trimmed.

Some of the imported dresses, when not of costly material, are very inexpensive, coming as low as forty dollars for the suit, and some even lower priced. They are extremely elegant, and beautifully and *well made.* This last item is a distinguishing feature in imported suits. It is to be deplored that American work is generally more carelessly and inaccurately done—that is, the ready-made suits for ladies.

Among the fall wraps displayed at this house, the "Dolman" takes the lead. It is a graceful garment, with sleeves and a sacque front, while a cape falls over the back and shoulders, and simulates a pointed double sleeve. The fringes and *passe menteries* make it a very handsome garment.

EMILY VERDERY,
(MRS. E. V. BATTEY.)

Short Stories from History.

Miraculous Escape of General Washington.—Major Ferguson, who commanded a rifle corps in advance of the hussars under Knyphausen, during some skirmishing a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular accident, which he thus relates in a letter to a friend. It illustrates, in a most forcible manner, the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least of all aware of it.

"We had not lain long when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in a dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkable high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near to them, and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but the other passed within a hundred yards of us, upon which I advanced from the wood toward him. Upon my calling, he stopped; but after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, leveling my piece at him; but he slowly cantered away. As I was within that distance at which, in the quickest firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach, I had only to determine; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty; so I let him alone.

"The day after, I had been telling this story to some wounded officers who lay in the same room with me, when one of the surgeons, who had been dressing the wounded rebel officers, came in, and told us that they had been informing him that General Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in a hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted in every point as above described. I am not sorry that I did not know at the time who it was."

Heroic Gratitude.—Louis the Fourteenth, who had once bombarded Algiers, ordered the Marquis de Quesne to bombard it a second time, in order to punish their infidelity and insolence. The despair in which the Corsairs found themselves of not being able to beat the fleet off their coasts, which did them so much mischief, caused them to bring all the French slaves, and fastening them to the mouths of their cannon, the different limbs of their bodies were blown even among the French fleet.

An Algerine captain, who had been taken on a cruise, and very well treated by the French all the time he had been their prisoner, one day perceived, among those unfortunate Frenchmen who were doomed to the cruel fate just mentioned, an officer named Choiseul, from whom he had received the most singular kindnesses. The Algerine immediately begged, entreated, and solicited in the most pressing manner, to save the life of that generous Frenchman; but all was to no purpose. At last, when they were going to fire the cannon to which Choiseul was fixed, the captain threw himself on the body of his friend, and closely embracing him in his arms, said to the cannonier, "Fire! since I can not serve my benefactor, I will at least have the consolation to die with him." The Dey, in whose presence this scene passed, was so affected with it, barbarous and savage as he was by nature, that he now readily granted that, from dictates of humanity, which he had just before refused with so much savage ferocity.

Close Action.—In the memorable victory gained by Earl Howe over the French fleet in the Channel, on the 1st of June, 1794, Sir Allan Gardner served as Rear-Admiral of the White, and contributed by his intrepidity to the success of the action. On the morning of that day, the English and French fleets being in order of battle, when the British Admiral threw out the signal to bear up, and for each ship to engage her opponent, Rear-Admiral Gardner desired his crew not to fire until they should be "near enough to scorch the Frenchmen's beards."

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Manuscripts will be reported on in our next. "A little rest now and then is relished by the best of men," says a sage; why should the editor be an exception?

CHARLEY. The late George Dexter was, in every sense, a self-made man. He started in life as a printer, as so many other men have done, whose industry at the case formed tastes and habits which opened out into successful careers.

LOGOS. The Constitution of the United States provides that excessive bail shall not be required, and most of the State Constitutions or laws have provisions to the same effect. But where the crime committed is felony no bail is admissible. However, no man, nowadays, who steals money is a felon; he is only a "defaulter," or he has "failed to account for funds"—that is all; so felony is readily made a bailable offense.

MRS. CLARA R. C. All white clothing yellow with use or age can be thus whitened: put a handful of the leaves of the Jamestown weed in the pot, and boil with the clothes. The frequent use of this whitens clothes very much.

GROOMSMAN. It is customary, the civilized world over, for a young married man to rearrange his acquaintance and calling lists. He knows many a man whom he does not care to introduce to his wife. Therefore it is for *him* to indicate to the friends he may desire to retain. This is usually done by "cards." Those who are served with them are by that informed that their continued acquaintance is desired.

THEATER BOY. Joe Jefferson is not blind. He had a film growing over one eye, but that is now arrested. He is himself again. He lives in the lovely Saddle River Valley, twenty-three miles from this city. His post-office address is Hohokus, New Jersey.

CLARA E. H. You write all about your own affairs, and ask us to answer by letter, yet remit no stamps. That certainly is not a good way to do business. We do not care to see the MS. referred to, for we *never* decide by a "chapter or so." We must read all or none.

EDNEY. Chappaqua is only a few miles from this city. It is a rough farming region, and Greeley's farm would make a western man "haw! haw!" The philosopher may know all about farming, but his farm don't show it, simply for the reason that it never was good for any thing but growing locust trees. Greeley has no sons. His only boy died some years ago. He has two daughters. His wife is very much of an invalid—is consumptive—and never was a woman of society. His daughters are both very bright and well educated young women. This is all we know of his family.

HERVEY ST. L. Yes, the ex-emperor Napoleon did write a life of Cæsar, (or rather had it written under his own eye). His object was to exalt one man power. The experiment didn't succeed.

ANDES. Quicksands are not a peculiar kind of sand, but are sands and earth mixed, which, lying in a geological basin, are always *wet*, and therefore are soft and unstable. We thank you for your kind expressions of attachment to the SATURDAY JOURNAL. We wish to render it a *home* paper, *par excellence.*

JNO. F. H. D. Appleton & Co. are now issuing a cheap edition of Cooper's novels. You can have the numbers named by remitting for them.

TENNIE C. If the cuticle has been cicatrized by wounds or disease, the scar can not be removed; but, spots left by disease disappear, usually, in time, if the disease is conquered. A good, healthy regimen, frequent bathing, rubbing the neck and breast occasionally with sweet cream will help the skin to healthy secretion and color. You certainly have no need to feel so keenly mortified at what is so harmless. Wear high-neck dresses as the present style permits, and who will know your neck or breast is covered with spots. Girls are far too sensitive about such things.

MARY JANE. Certainly; a child will become bow-legged if allowed to walk too early in life: weakness of constitution and poor food is sometimes the cause of bow-legs.

PLEASURE-SEEKER. In the summer and autumn seasons, sea bathing is the most beneficial and delightful—August and September, in any climate, being the best months. Do not bathe *immediately* after a full meal, and, upon entering the water, *first* wet your head, as it prevents a rush of blood to the brain. Fifteen minutes to half an hour is sufficiently long to remain in the water.

H. A. D. To make excellent wine biscuits, take half a pound of flour; quarter pound of butter; the same of sugar; two eggs; one drachm of carbonate of ammonia, and enough white wine to mix to a proper consistency.

PETE. Feed your pet squirrels on hazel nuts, in fact, any kind of nuts, and bread and milk occasionally. The little animal must always be kept clean.

BLANCHE. Long kids are to be worn for the promenades this summer, as well as for evening toilets. Gloves in the fashion will have from six to twelve buttons. A new glove is advertised, which is whole above the wrist, there being only a few buttons at the wrist to admit the hand. We doubt if it will meet with favor from the ladies.

MONITRESS. You should wind your watch regularly every day, as it stiffens the works to allow them to rest. Watches ought not to be worn in the belt, as the pressure against the ribs sometimes injures them.

BAKER. Very nice ginger-snaps can be made from the following recipe: one pound of flour, half a pound of molasses, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, half an ounce of best prepared ginger, sixteen drops of essence of lemon, potash the size of a nut dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Bake in a brisk oven.

A. L. BURNER. The largest clock in the world is in the English House of Parliament. It has four dials, each twenty-two feet in diameter, and every thirty seconds the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will run eight and a half days, but it only strikes during seven and a half days. It takes two hours to wind up the striking mechanism. The wheels are of cast iron; the pendulum is fifteen feet long, and the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons. The bell-hammer weighs more than four hundred pounds!

LOTTIE. The following are some very pretty contrasts, from which you can choose: gray and pink, dun-color and crimson; stone-color and blue; turquoise blue and chocolate; lilac and black; green and black; elephant gray and brown. The hat must match in color, the dress, usually a darker shade, trimmed with a lighter one; gloves of a darker shade will accord well.

ECONOMIST. To make your half-worn carpet last longer, rip it apart, and transpose the breadths.

SEEKER OF KNOWLEDGE. The multiplication table is supposed to have been invented by Pythagoras, the celebrated Grecian philosopher and teacher, more than five hundred years B. C. The well-informed, we believe, are finally agreed that the numerical figures, from 1 to 9, known as Arabic, are of Indian origin, having been adopted by the Arabians from the Orient nations.

PATIENT. You can remove medicine stains from silver spoons, by rubbing them with a rag dipped in sulphuric acid; then wash them off in soapsuds.

HOUSEWIFE. It is essential to housekeeping, if it is to be carried on with any degree of regularity, that *all* accounts should be settled weekly; then you know exactly how the money is holding out. A "trade" account is a great *leak.*

L. HAYNES. To sweeten casks, mix half a pint of vitriol with a quart of water, and having poured this into the barrel, roll it about for some time; the next day add to this mixture one pound of chalk, then roll the barrel again, and leave it therein for three or four days; after which rinse in hot water.

CALIFORNIAN. In order to leave off chewing tobacco, you must first firmly resolve never to use it again, and to help you conquer the *vile* habit, buy at a drug store ten cents' worth of gentian root, coarsely ground. After every meal take as much of this as amounts to a common "quid." Continue this for two or three weeks, and your appetite for the "devil's drug" will be entirely cured.

LEONARD. To cure sore and weak eyes, take sulphate of zinc, three grains, tincture of opium, ten drops, water, two ounces. To be applied two or three times a day.

YOUTH. Pay unmistakable respect to ladies everywhere; and in society never forget that you are but one of many. If you pay attention to these things, no lady will call you rude.

☞ *Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.*

UNFAVORED.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The rose is fanned by Zephyr's wing,
Which cools the sun's warm glow,
And nightingales above her sing
When night dews denser grow.

The mirror of the sleeping sea
Is silvered by the moon;
And when morn sets her sunbeams free,
They warmly kiss it soon.

I am not favored by a breath
That soothes my fevered brow,
Nor voice like nightingale's that says
'Twill love me then as now.

No tender face with eyes that beam,
Bends o'er me with a smile;
And woos me in a radiant dream,
As suns do seas the while.

The rose will fade and withering fall;
Where then will Zephyr woo?
Where will the birds in love-notes call?
Where fall the silver dew?

The sea will ruffle to the shore
When storms frown on its breast,
And breakers leap with noisome roar;
Where then will orb-beams rest?

Yet Love is not like Zephyr's sigh,
Nor songs of nightingales;
Nor does it like the orb-beams die,
But e'en o'er death prevails.

The Wronged Heiress:

OR,

The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BAFFLED; OR, THE DEBENHAM PROPERTY," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MIRIAM ERRWOOD'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MILES DUFF'S MISSION.

AGREEABLY to his promise, Miles hastened back to the city, and immediately made his way to the East river side, directing his footsteps to the intersection of James and Water streets, known as Slaughter-House Point.

He finally paused before a dismal, ruinous-looking building in this disreputable quarter of the city.

It was a very old building, indeed. Many of the clapboards were loose, and rattled in every passing breeze. The building-front and heavy shutters were guiltless of paint; some of the long, narrow windows were boarded up; and against the frame-work of the iron-clamped door was nailed a placard intimating that the house was to let.

Notwithstanding this notice—intended to mislead the uninitiated—and a general air of desertion that brooded about the place, Miles Duff mounted the rickety wooden steps and gave four distinct knocks on the iron-clamped door.

Then he drew back a few paces, and, with both hands thrust nonchalantly into his trowsers pockets, awaited the result of this summons.

At least five minutes elapsed before a movement of any sort was made; then the door softly opened, and a voice asked, sharply:

"Who's there?"

"Miles," replied the ruffian. "Let me in, Peggy. I wish to see your mistress."

"Enter."

The door had been opened but the merest crack, in the first instance. That crack now widened sufficiently to afford our worthy friend ingress to a long, low passage, lighted only sufficiently to render its disgusting filthiness apparent.

In the passage stood a slatternly servant-girl, with a round face and great, blinking eyes that bore a ludicrous resemblance to those of an owl.

"Where's Het?" asked Miles, somewhat gruffly, the instant the street door was closed and locked behind him.

"Up-stairs, in de parlor," replied Peggy, talking through her nose.

"Any one with her?"

"Not a soul, Mr. Miles."

"Lead on, then. I have business of importance with her."

"Bizness?" echoed the girl, with a chuckle. "That am w'at she likes."

"Especially if there's money in it, eh?"

"Ob course."

Peggy now led the way along the passage and up a sort of winding staircase, the rotten boards of which creaked and trembled every time a foot was suffered to fall upon them.

At the back of the house was a large, square apartment, furnished with a few rickety chairs and a deal table. Its only occupant was a witch-like, ugly-looking old woman, who sat at the table, leisurely sipping a glass of gin and water.

Into this dreary chamber was Miles ushered by the slatternly servant-girl.

The old woman was Het Bender herself. She was a very unprepossessing creature, with filmy, bead-like eyes, a pock-marked face, and a skin yellow as parchment. Two long, prong-like teeth garnished either side of her mouth, giving to it a singularly savage and brutal appearance.

Old Het, as she was familiarly termed by her acquaintances, kept an establishment of very questionable repute, in which young girls, ranging from the ages of six to twenty, were initiated into the mysteries of the Terpsichorean art.

In brief, she was a ballet-mistress, furnishing the dancing-girls for some of the second-rate theaters.

Not that she instructed them in the peculiar art herself! By no means. She had a competent instructor in the person of one Harry Belden, more generally known as "Handsome Hal," and of whom we shall have more to say anon. But she made the engagements with the different managers, and pocketed the proceeds of such engagements. In fact, she was the head of the establishment.

This interesting personage brought down her empty glass with such force upon the table as to make it jingle merrily, when Miles entered the apartment.

"Ho, ho!" she chuckled, looking up at him, with an odd sort of leer in her filmy eyes. "So you are back again from your bit of ruralism, my worthy Miles?"

"Yes, I'm back again," he said, sullenly.

"Country air agrees with you, I reckon."

"Of course it does."

"Have a care, my fine friend," she cried, tauntingly, "or you'll stand a chance to try it again. Or maybe it 'll be Sing Sing this time."

"Don't throw stones while you live in a glass house yourself, Old Het."

"No, Miles."

"I'm here to talk business, this time."

At the word "business" the old woman's eyes brightened, and an expression, curiously blended of cunning and cupidity, came into them.

"Ho, ho! Draw up a chair, my worthy friend. Now what is it? Got an engagement for me?"

"No, it isn't that."

"What then?"

"I can tell you best by asking a question. Would you like to add to the number of your pupils?"

Old Het's under lip began to fall. She feared that the "business" upon which Miles wished to see her might not amount to much, after all.

"That depends," she said, slowly. "Unless extra inducements are offered, I've got idle mouths enough to feed, already."

"Extra inducements *will* be offered."

"Humph! How old is the girl?"

"Seventeen or eighteen, I judge."

Old Het gave a start of surprise. "Too old—entirely too old," she muttered.

"Not if you are well paid for taking her?"

"Bah! Speak to the p'int, Miles Duff. Tell me jest what you want of me."

The villain smiled.

"You are to take charge of this girl—see that she does not pass the threshold of this house under any pretext whatever—and suffer Handsome Hal to teach her as much or as little of his art as you please."

Old Het nodded and looked wise.

"I see, I see," she growled, still continuing to bob her grizzled head. "It's some forlorn critter that's to be kept out of the way for a while. But I'm the woman for your money, if you give me enough of it."

"I thought so."

"Who is the girl?" she asked, after a short silence.

"Her name is Mabel Trevor."

"Pretty?"

"A regular beauty."

"Ho, ho!" chuckled the crone. "So much the better; so much the better."

Miles dropped one hand heavily on her arm.

"Bear this in mind, God-forsaken sinner," he said, in a low, deep tone of voice, "that no harm is to happen to the girl—*harm of any sort!*"

The old woman wriggled uneasily in her chair.

"Yes," she muttered, though in accents of disappointment.

"You are merely to detain the girl here until she is wanted elsewhere. She must receive no visitors, hold no communication whatever with the outside world."

"I understand."

"And can keep her thus secluded?"

"Yes."

"Your neighbors will not be likely to interfere, should she find means of appealing to them for assistance to escape?"

Old Het laughed aloud at the question.

"You ought to know my neighbors better than to fear that, Miles. Who are they? Harbor thieves, for the most part, and still more dangerous characters. The girl will be safe enough."

"She must be brought here this very night."

"And the pay?"

"You shall receive ten dollars a week as long as she remains under your roof."

"Good. I agree to the terms."

"You will find that Miss Trevor has got some very wild notions in her head. She may even make strange accusations against one or two persons of high standing in the community. But, you are to pay no attention whatever to her remarks."

"Of course not," said the hag, significantly.

"Because they will have no foundation in truth," added Miles.

"Humph! I don't know that."

Miles burst into an insulting laugh.

"Whether you believe me or not," he said, "it will not be well for you to act upon any hints that the girl may throw out, or seek to trace back her history by means of them."

The hag trembled under the threatening look he gave her. "I've no wish to meddle with any thing of the sort," she hastened to reply. "You needn't feel any alarm on that score."

At this instant the room-door was flung open, and a young man, tall, handsome, debonair, but very *blasé*-looking, unceremoniously entered the apartment.

A hideous smile wrinkled the hag's face at his appearance. She immediately rose from her chair, and stepped forward to greet him, throwing one skinny arm over his shoulders with a display of fondness that was absolutely disgusting.

"Is it you, my Apollo?" she whined.

The young man made a grimace. "Yes, it is I, most charming Het," he said, in an ironically caressing tone of voice. "Does my presence bring joy to your heart?"

"Of course it does," simpered the old fool.

He looked at Miles, with a nod and a sly wink. "'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,'" he quoted.

"You know you are handsome, Hal."

"And that you appreciate my good looks, eh, old Het?" said Harry Belden, for the new-comer was, indeed, Het Bender's teacher of dancing.

"Of course I appreciates them," she answered, regarding him with looks of undisguised admiration.

"That's pleasant; I'll be blest if it isn't."

"You are to have a new pupil," said Het, after a pause.

"Eh?"

"A young lady, beautiful as an houri. What do you think of that, my Apollo?"

"I'm delighted, of course. When is she coming?"

"To-night."

"So much the better," laughed the *roue*.

Miles now rose to his feet. "I must go," he said. "But, Het, perhaps you'd better repeat the warning I gave you to Handsome Hal. It might be of use to him!"

And having given utterance to this very significant speech, the ruffian took his departure.

The object of his mission was accomplished. He hurriedly retraced his steps to report to Bill Cuppings.

CHAPTER VIII.

BAFFLED AND PERPLEXED.

IT was evening of the same day.

Just as the shadows of twilight were beginning to fall in purple dimness over the landscape, Mrs. Laudersdale sat alone by the open window of her dressing-room.

She was lost in her own gloomy and evil thoughts.

"It will soon be over," she muttered, presently. "Bill failed me once, but I have perfect confidence in him; he'll not fail me a second time. A few hours more, and that girl, who stands in my way, will have ceased to live."

An expression of malignant triumph settled upon her dark, stern face as she gave utterance to these thoughts welling in her guilty soul.

"That girl knows too much," she said, after a brief silence. "I can never breathe freely again until she is put beyond the reach of harming me. Ah! how bitterly I hate her!"

She would have added more, but just at this instant a hasty step made itself audible on the gravel-walk below.

Glancing from the window, Mrs. Laudersdale saw that it was Philip Jocelyn who was approaching the house.

A single word will explain his appearance at this time. On parting with Mabel Trevor at the gate in the early hours of the afternoon, it will be remembered, the young man had made an appointment to come to Woodlawn the next day and learn the sort of reception Mabel had received at the hands of Mrs. Laudersdale and her husband.

But, immediately after having turned his back on our gentle heroine, he began to regret his precipitancy, and that he had not accompanied her to the house and seen her safely closeted with Mr. Laudersdale, despite her expostulations.

The more he reflected on the matter, the more nervous and uneasy he became. And finally, in spite of his better judgment, just at the close of the day he found himself retracing his steps to Woodlawn.

He could not rest until assured that Mabel was among friends who would protect her.

It was with feelings of unmitigated alarm that Mrs. Laudersdale witnessed, from her dining-room window, the young man's approach.

She knew very well the nature of his errand.

Bill Cuppings had, of course, told her every thing. Unable himself to give the name of the brave fellow who had dealt him that stunning blow in the house in the woods, and who, some hours later, had parted with Mabel at the gate leading into the Woodlawn grounds, he had given a most truthful and minute description of him.

In that description, to her utter surprise and consternation, the wicked woman had recognized Philip Jocelyn.

From that moment she hated Mabel Trevor with tenfold intensity; for she had long intended that Marcia should become mistress of Philip's heart and the Jocelyn bonds and bank stock.

Even if nothing came of this unfortunate meeting of Philip with Mabel, it was likely to interfere with her pet scheme.

But, since Mabel had (without doubt) told her story to the young man, something worse was sure to come of it unless she (Mrs. Laudersdale) was prepared to meet the peril boldly.

This Jezebel rarely found herself at a loss.

In the present emergency, within twenty seconds after having seen and recognized Philip, she had risen to her feet and rung the bell sharply.

When a servant appeared, in answer to the summons, she said to her:

"If Mr. Jocelyn asks for me, say that I am on the east terrace."

Then, hastily throwing a lace mantle over her shoulders, she descended the stairs and passed out by one of the low windows opening from the breakfast-room.

Her face was a trifle paler than usual; otherwise, she was perfectly calm and composed.

"I must have the open air for this interview," she muttered; "I should stifle in those close parlors."

She had only taken a turn or two on the terrace, when she heard Philip's step approaching. Strengthening every nerve for the encounter, she turned to meet him.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Jocelyn," she said, sweetly, holding out her hand to him. "Will you join me in my promenade?"

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Laudersdale," he said, very gravely.

He could not quite forget the terrible things Mabel had said of this woman.

Her dark eyes scanned his face. "Perhaps you wish to see Marcia?" she ventured.

"No, I do not wish to see Miss Denvil."

"That pleasure is to be yours, whether you covet it or not," laughed Mrs. Laudersdale.

As she spoke, she directed his attention to a female figure that came gliding toward them from the garden. It was Marcia, with a straw hat on her head, and a light scarf thrown over her shoulders.

Philip looked a trifle disconcerted, but he greeted the young lady politely when she finally reached the spot where he and Mrs. Laudersdale were standing.

"Miss Trevor is not with you," he said, somewhat nervously. "Can you tell me where I will find her?"

"Miss Trevor?" echoed mother and daughter, in a breath.

The surprise manifested by the latter was genuine.

"Yes, that is the name," said Philip, quietly. "Miss Mabel Trevor."

"I know of no such person," returned Mrs. Laudersdale.

"The young lady you went to Berlin to visit."

"I never went to Berlin."

The woman's stare of amazement was well simulated; but Philip persisted, in spite of it.

"And who was enticed to a lonely house in the woods, by one of your confidential servants, and would have been murdered but for my interference."

"You are beside yourself, Mr. Jocelyn!" she exclaimed. "What can you mean?"

"Precisely what I say. Miss Trevor is, or at least should be, in this house at the present moment."

"I tell you that I know of no such person."

The young man gasped for breath. A thousand fears beset him. The old, chill foreboding of ill shot still more vividly through heart and brain. He knew not what to say or do.

Then he turned abruptly to Marcia, his face pale, the damps of agony standing in beads on his forehead.

"You, at least, can have no object in deceiving me!" he cried. "I must find that girl. I fear some terrible calamity has befallen her. Tell me, I entreat, if you know where she is at the present moment."

"I swear to you," she answered, solemnly, "that I never heard the name mentioned until this evening. Miss Trevor is a stranger to me. I have not the slightest idea to whom you refer."

The amazement and perplexity depicted upon her haughtily-beautiful face told him but too clearly that she had spoken truly.

"Strange, strange," he muttered, his head drooping dejectedly on his breast.

By a power of will worthy of a better cause, Mrs. Laudersdale retained her unruffled composure.

"I wish you would state to us more clearly just who this Miss Trevor is," she murmured, laying her hand gently on Philip's arm. "We may then be able to come to some understanding."

He drew away from her with a shudder.

"I parted with Mabel at this gate, only five or six hours since," he said, almost wildly, for the uncertainty of the girl's fate had nearly driven him distracted. "You know very well who she is. She was coming directly to the house. I demand to know what you have done with her."

These last words were uttered in a fierce, impetuous tone of voice. They would have frightened a less desperate woman than Mrs. Laudersdale into confession.

But with her their only effect was to strengthen her resolution to fight out the terrible battle she had begun to the very end.

"I fear you have been made the victim of some singular imposture," she said, calmly. "I know nothing of this Mabel Trevor; neither has any strange woman crossed the threshold of my house."

"I will speak to Mr. Laudersdale himself!" cried Philip. "He, at least, will deal frankly with me."

"Do so, by all means. There he sits at the other end of the terrace. Since you will not believe me, come to him and question him to your heart's content."

The gathering darkness concealed the smile of malicious triumph that curled her thin lips as she gave utterance to these words.

The three moved quickly to the spot where Mr. Laudersdale was sitting, leisurely enjoying his cigar and a quiet contemplation of the beauty of the evening.

Mrs. Laudersdale was secretly determined that no lengthy explanation should take place; and, to prevent this, she herself took the initiative.

"Jasper," she said, sweetly, "I have an important question to ask."

"What is it, my dear?" said Mr. Laudersdale, hastily throwing aside his cigar.

"For Mr. Jocelyn's enlightenment, I wish you to tell me if you know, or ever heard, of a young lady named Mabel Trevor."

"I know of no such person," was the ready answer. "The name is strange to me."

His calm, even tone of voice would admit of not the slightest doubt of his sincerity.

Before Philip could put in a single word on his own side, Mrs. Laudersdale hurried him away.

"Are you satisfied?" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, dejectedly.

He was at his wit's end. He knew not what to think or say. Mabel had assured him with her own lips that Mr. Laudersdale would be her friend, and now he had denied all knowledge of her!

What could be the meaning of this apparent contradiction?

"You see I was correct in my judgment," Mrs. Laudersdale said, quietly. "You have been the victim of an impostor. I do assure you that the misguided creature's story, whatever may have been its nature, is false from beginning to end."

He was too deeply bewildered, by far, to deny the truth of this assertion. He walked up and down the terrace in silence, for some minutes, trying to collect his thoughts.

Suddenly a shrill cry, evidently coming from a distance, broke upon the air. "Help, help!"

He stood still in his tracks, and listened eagerly. The cry was repeated, though in fainter and half-smothered accents.

"It is Mabel's voice," he shouted, hoarsely. "I believe the poor angel is being murdered."

He leaped over the terrace wall, and darted like mad down one of the nearest of the garden paths.

A smothered curse fell from Mrs. Laudersdale's white lips. She glided up to the spot where Marcia was standing, the picture of astonishment.

"Follow him—follow Philip Jocelyn!" she said between her set teeth, grasping firmly hold of Marcia's arm. "We are both lost if you do not overtake him before it is too late! Bring him back at every hazard—bring him back."

Marcia looked steadfastly at her mother. "What cause is there for alarm?" she asked.

"He told the truth in regard to that girl! And it *was* she who screamed just now. Quick, quick! For God's sake bring him back before he finds her!"

And, almost fainting with emotion, Mrs. Laudersdale dropped into a garden-chair, gasping for breath, but still continuing to gesticulate violently for her daughter to follow the path down which Philip Jocelyn had disappeared.

Marcia realized that the case must be one of extreme urgency, and, after a momentary hesitation, she hurried away, filled with the somewhat mad hope of making herself of service.

Philip, meanwhile, having only those two faint cries to guide his footsteps, after following the path he had chosen, for half-a-dozen rods, perhaps, struck across the lawn, and made for a gate near the lower end.

If anybody was leaving the grounds, they would be likely to leave them at this point.

The event proved the wisdom of this movement on his part. It was now quite dark, but he had scarcely reached the gate when his quick ear caught the impatient stamping of horses in the lane beyond.

Presently through the dusk, he distinguished the outline of a close carriage only a few yards distant.

Even as he looked, the light of a dark lantern flashed for a moment upon the scene.

By the aid of its friendly gleam he distinctly saw Bill Cuppings seated within the carriage, holding the apparently senseless body of a woman in his arms.

That woman must be Mabel Trevor.

In spite of Mrs. Laudersdale's insinuations, in his heart of hearts he still believed in the girl's truth. And, with a cry of rage and despair, he now darted forward to her rescue.

Too late! A whip was flourished in the air, a shout of derision flung back at him, and the carriage spun swiftly down the darkening lane.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ABDUCTION.

LET us now turn back to follow the fortunes of our heroine from the moment when she was locked into the old boat-house by Bill Cuppings.

The villain had scarcely disappeared when Mabel rose up from the pile of boughs where he had laid her, her senses fully restored.

A single glance at her surroundings was sufficient to tell the hapless girl that she was a prisoner, and in the power of her enemies.

Nevertheless, she groped her way to the door, and sought to open it. It resisted all her efforts, as she had expected it would.

The small, lattice-work windows through which a sort of semi-twilight penetrated to the boat-house, were too high up and too narrow to be available.

She knelt down upon the pile of boughs, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why should Mrs. Laudersdale seek so persistently to rob me of liberty or life?" she murmured. "That guilty woman's secret must be a most monstrous one, since it drives her to such desperate measures. She both dislikes and fears me."

Trembling in every limb, she scarcely dared to move. It was impossible to tell how soon Bill Cuppings would return, or some villain quite as unprincipled make his appearance, to put an end to her misery with her life.

The afternoon slowly waned, however, and she was still left undisturbed in her dreary prison.

It had grown pitch-dark in the boat-house, when, at last, a footstep was heard to approach. A key clicked in the lock, and the next instant the light of a lantern flashed upon the rude couch where Mabel was lying.

She started up, rubbing her eyes smartly, for they were nearly blinded by the sudden illumination. What she saw was a heavy-limbed fellow, with a most repulsive cast of countenance, standing in the low doorway.

It is needless to say that this man was Miles Duff.

"Get up," he said, in a gruff, but not unkind voice, "get up and come with me."

"Who are you?" Mabel asked, faintly.

"A friend."

She trembled, and shrunk away from him. She did not remember ever to have seen the man. How was she to tell whether it would be safe to trust him or not?"

"Come," he cried, impatiently, "I can't wait."

"You are really going to take me to some place of safety?" Mabel ventured.

"Of course. Don't keep me standing here. You'll be much better with me than in this dreary hole."

This was true, perhaps. Mabel ceased to hesitate, but tremblingly drew near the door. Miles at once caught hold of her hand.

"There," he exclaimed, "that's jolly; cling fast to me, Miss, and I'll have you among friends in a jiffy."

Mabel yielded herself to his guidance without a word of remonstrance.

As they penetrated the shrubbery, she looked around with no small degree of curiosity. Overhead, the stars were just twinkling into view, the gray of twilight scarcely having faded from the sky.

To the left she heard the wash and low murmurous flow of the river. On every other side lay what seemed to be the shadowy recesses of a large garden.

She rightly guessed that she had not been taken from the Woodlawn grounds at all on losing consciousness so utterly at the sudden appearance of Bill Cuppings and Mrs. Laudersdale.

Her companion strode onward in silence, still keeping fast hold of her hand, so that she was compelled to keep pace with him.

At last they reached a small gate, through which they passed. They had scarcely done so, however, when Mabel distinguished, through the dusk, a close carriage waiting at a little distance.

At the same instant the dark figure of a man rose up from beside the hedge.

"You've brought along the bird, I see," said the well known voice of Bill Cuppings.

"Yes," returned Miles, briefly.

"I'm glad she concluded to come peaceably."

Mabel's heart sunk, as she listened to these words. A cold chill of fear crept among the roots of her hair, and her old feelings of dread were roused into increased activity.

"Betrayed," she moaned.

"Not so," said Miles, "we are really your friends—Bill and I—and mean you no harm."

She did not believe him, and sought to break clear of his hold. "Stop that!" he cried, furiously. "Here, Bill," to his comrade, "lend a helping hand. The girl is like a wild fawn. Help me to lift her into the carriage."

Bill approached. Mabel shrunk from him in terror and disgust. "Help! help!" she shrieked, at the top of her voice.

"Furies!" muttered Bill. "You'd better not try that again."

But the poor girl was nearly frantic, and screamed a second time in spite of his threat. The ruffian was compelled to place his hand over her mouth to stifle her cries.

It was these cries, it will be remembered, that attracted Philip Jocelyn's attention, and brought him running to the spot.

"The fool has lost her senses," growled Bill. "What are we to do with her—knock her on the head, as my mistress wishes?"

"By no means," answered Miles. "Leave me to manage her."

He coolly set down the dark lantern he carried, whipped a small vial from his pocket, and poured a small portion of its contents on his handkerchief, which he pressed hard against Mabel's nostrils.

The effect was magical. After a slight struggle or two, and a long, gasping breath, her head fell back, and she was perfectly senseless.

"I always come prepared for an emergency like this," chuckled Miles. "Now do you lift her into the carriage, and we'll be off."

"You're a jewel, Miles," said Bill, as he prepared to obey.

"I'm glad you appreciate me. You might have done worse than to seek my help in this business, eh, my respectable brother?"

"A thousand times."

"That is true. Now let's be off."

He picked up the lantern and mounted the box of the carriage. After having secured the lines, he once more opened the slide of the lantern and threw a momentary gleam of light into the carriage, where Bill had now established himself, holding Mabel's senseless form clasped in his arms.

"All right?" he asked, in a whisper.

"All right," responded his worthy confederate, in the same low tone of voice.

At this instant the gate through which Miles and Mabel had passed a few minutes previously was heard to clang sharply, and a loud cry of anger and despair sounded in that direction.

Miles heard the cry, though he failed to recognize the voice as belonging to Philip Jocelyn. But it certainly boded no good to himself; so he cracked his whip, and tore like mad down the darkening lane.

He took a roundabout course—now approaching the river, now receding from it. This was done in order to mislead pursuit, for he finally approached close to the water's edge at a point quite remote from Woodlawn, and pulled up the horses.

So well had this clever villain laid his plans since that hurried visit to Slaughter-House Point during the afternoon, that a boat awaited him here, and a man to look after the horses.

"Quick!" he cried, leaping from the box, and pulling open the carriage door. "We must be safely stowed away in a cab on the other side before the girl recovers from the effects of the narcotic."

Bill stepped out with his precious burden, and the two worthy confederates were soon pulling over the dark surface of the water.

A cab was awaiting them at the point where they landed. Mabel was thrust into this, Bill and Miles followed her, and the three were driven rapidly in the direction of Slaughter-House Point.

By the time the poor girl had become fully conscious of what was transpiring about her, she had been hustled into the ruinous old building of which we made mention in a previous chapter, and both Het Bender and Handsome Hal were bending over her and regarding her with ill-concealed curiosity.

She shrunk shudderingly away from old Het's evil-looking face, and, in piteous entreaty, held out both her hands to Handsome Hal.

"Oh, save me! save me!" she moaned.

Het burst into a loud, derisive laugh. "The gal takes to you nat'ral like, my beauty," she said, giving Hal a poke in the ribs.

"Be quiet, can't you?" he growled. "Don't you see that the poor creature is frightened?"

"Poor creature!" mimicked the hag. "Oh, that's good, comin' from you, my Apollo. Poor creature, indeed!"

"Hang it, stop your infernal chatter!"

Old Het's face suddenly darkened. A gleam of jealous rage came into her beady eyes.

"Have a care!" she hissed in Handsome Hal's ear. "I'll not brook a rival in the gal, remember that!"

"Pshaw," he said, in an appeasing tone of voice; "don't borrow trouble of that sort, my charmer. Can't I pity the poor girl without you getting into a jealous fury?"

"Surely, surely."

She endeavored to speak with her accustomed good humor. And yet she was already beginning to repent of her bargain to detain Mabel in her establishment until the persons interested in the girl's welfare saw fit to remove her.

It is said that "no fool is like an old fool." Singular as it may appear, old Het was quite as fond of Handsome Hal as she pretended to be, and already felt furiously jealous of the new-comer.

Mabel, meanwhile, crouching low in the corner where she had been set down by Bill, glanced from one to another of those around her, scarcely knowing whether she were awake or dreaming.

Her state of mind was natural enough, under the circumstances. Of the row across the river and the ride from the west of the city to the old building at Slaughter-House Point, she knew nothing. She had awakened as from a sound slumber, to find herself under old Het's roof and among the strange surroundings there to be met with.

Her eyes dilated more and more widely as she listened to the conversation carried on by Het and Handsome Hal. But she still continued to glance at the latter, in wild appeal.

"Hear me," she urged. "For the love of Heaven, save me. Your face looks friendly. There is no one else to whom I dare appeal. Oh, save me from the violence of those cruel men."

She pointed toward Miles and Bill, who stood in the background, coolly but covertly observant of all that transpired in the apartment.

Hal shrugged his shoulders.

"I wish I could save you. I do, indeed, my lady," he said. "But I don't see how it's to be done. I have no more influence in this house than you have. Don't trust to me."

"Well put, my Apollo," cried Het, striking the young man on the back. "You are a nonentity here, now ain't you? You don't have a particle of influence with your lovin' old Het, eh?"

Then, without waiting for a reply, she stepped up to Mabel and pulled the girl roughly to her feet.

"Stand up, you weepin' cherub," she said, "and come with me. You are to be under my care for the present, and precious good care you'll get, too. So, come along. I'm goin' to show your ladyship to your dressin'-room."

And laughing heartily, she attempted to push Mabel before her, toward the door.

"Good heavens!" murmured the poor girl, with white lips. "Will nobody help me? Must I, indeed, go with this wicked woman?"

Handsome Hal, who felt as much compassion for the helpless captive as he was capable of experiencing, leaned over her of a sudden, and whispered in her ear:

"You'd better go quietly with old Het, Miss. There's really no help for it. But I'm sorry for you, hang me if I'm not."

The hag pushed them viciously apart. "What are you whisperin' about there?" she said, shaking Mabel roughly by the arm. "Come along, you hussy. I can't stand your whimperin', nohow! You've made trouble and rumpus enough for one night. So come along, I say."

And, alternately pushing and dragging, she succeeded in getting Mabel out of the room.

The instant the door closed behind her, Bill Cuppings stepped up to Handsome Hal and dropped one huge hand on his shoulder.

"Look o' here, my hearty," he said, in a low, dogged tone of voice. "I've had my eye on you ever since I entered this room. That girl in yonder is pretty and peart, and you know it. But she's *my* prize, and I'll have no meddling. Do you understand that?"

"Of course," said Hal, insolently, though he looked somewhat disconcerted.

"I hope you'll take warning, then. I've spoken twice, and I don't intend to speak again."

He turned as he spoke, drew Miles' arm into his own, and the two men quitted the room and the house.

(*To be continued—commenced in No. 130.*)

THE

Winged Messenger:

OR,

RISKING ALL FOR A HEART.

BY MARY REED CROWELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBON MASK," "OATH-BOUND," "LOVE-BLIND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THWARTED.

As soon as Palmer had gone, Ellis Dorrance turned to Florence.

"You are quite in demand, you perceive. I hope the fact will not add to your stubbornness."

She flushed at his rude address.

"Nothing can add to, or detract from, my resolution. I repeat, that I will die as your prisoner rather than live as your wife."

"Time will change all this," he returned, lightly.

He went from the room, locking the door after him; he was gone, probably, twenty minutes, then returned.

"I have secured the doors and windows on the floor above, that Isabel used, that now is yours. Mary, attend Miss Florence."

Stepping as queenly as a princess of the blood royal, Florence went up to her prison, and dismissed the negress at the door.

The suit of rooms was pleasantly lighted and warmed. The accommodations plain, but good; and at a glance she saw escape was impossible.

As soon as she had retired from the dining-room, Dorrance left the house; his horse was in the rickety old stable, and he led him out, for his return to Beechcrest.

Several things were on his mind as he rode slowly along.

First, was the momentarily increasing desire to be friends again with lissome Gussie Palliser; and now, that the letter must have ere this been read by her, accidental as the sending had been, he was in a state of feverish anxiety.

Would she refuse his overtures? would she accept his apologies? or had he separated himself forever from her?

Co-equal with this wish on his part was the regret that he had implicated himself so with Florence; to be sure, no one—except Chessom and Palmer, the former by intuition, the latter by absolute knowledge—knew of his complicity in the affair; and while all Beechcrest was ringing with the news of Florence Arbuthnot's elopement, it was universally whispered—not spoken, for the Chessoms were too rich and proud to have any thing positively told about them—that young Arch knew where she was.

Mr. Arbuthnot had not hesitated to spread these reports; and the two facts of Ellis Dorrance's being seen in the village every day, while Arch, in his rapid detective tours about the country, was never seen, helped the gossip.

Gussie Palliser alone knew the true state of affairs; and, during her brief visit at Chessom's Pride—brief, because of her own unsettled state of mind, as well as the peculiar situation in which the family was placed—had ascertained, to her entire satisfaction—which accounted for her visit to the Haunted House, after her watch of Dorrance the one preceding day and evening from the window of the hotel directly opposite the Arbuthnots' mansion—that Florence had gone with Dorrance.

Later, the next day or so, in a conversation on the subject, Gussie had found out that Arch really loved Florence, and that Florence returned that love; thus partially exonerating Dorrance.

And *only* partially, for his sin was none the less, indeed she concluded it was the greater, for forcibly abducting one who did not love him.

While at Chessom's Pride, she received Ellis' letter, and that same day, as Arch returned, went back to Lakeview.

Of all this Dorrance was yet ignorant; but, as he neared the village, he found himself resolved to pay a call at the Arbuthnots', and, if at all possible, rid himself of the affair.

He passed the night at his rooms, and the next morning, after a careful toilet—for he was going to attempt an interview with Gussie Palliser—started for the house of the Arbuthnots.

It being just the village dinner hour, he found Mr. Arbuthnot at home, who greeted him warmly.

"We didn't know that you were ever coming again. Where have you kept yourself?"

Dorrance began to feel it would require all his moral courage to confess the affair; a glimpse of Gussie's sparkling eyes seemed to rise before him, and he plainly saw Florence's pale features, so proudly contemptuous, so stubbornly resolved, and he plunged straight into the deepest of the difficulty, with a sort of recklessness that men feel when they have an idea they are not succeeding exactly as they would wish.

Dorrance had become possessed of that feeling, somehow, since Palmer had shown a knowledge of his (Ellis') secrets; for it has been perceived there were episodes in Dorrance's life he would well like to be kept still; and how Palmer, of all men, had learned—if he knew—was a sort of mystery to him.

One of these past troubles was in his mind as he looked at Mr. Arbuthnot's face, so ugly in its set, willful lines; but "nothing venture, nothing have," he thought.

"Where have I been? You will be surprised to learn I came from Florence last evening."

The listeners sprung to their feet in a simultaneous gesture of amaze.

"From Florence!" echoed Mr. Arbuthnot. "Then how the deuce did you find out where Chessom and she went?"

Dorrance felt the lady's gray eyes coldly fixed on his hot cheeks; but, with an assumption of utter indifference he was far from feeling, he replied:

"Chessom never went with her. It was I who took her off, and I'm sick enough of the bargain. You're welcome to her."

"*You?*"

Mrs. Arbuthnot fairly hissed the words in his ear. "After all, it was *you?*"

"Yes."

The three sat silent, glaring at each other in silent anger.

Then Dorrance burst forth, impetuously:

"There's no need to carry on this play longer. The truth is, I don't care for the girl, and I do love Gussie Palliser. You needn't argue, or rave, it will do no good."

"But, think how you have lived all these years, Ellis, off her money—or a small portion of it, at least. Remember a marriage is the only way to cover up this."

Mrs. Arbuthnot's voice was low and intense; but Dorrance was imperturbable.

"All you can say will not avail."

"Then you shall be exposed, sir."

Mr. Arbuthnot thundered the words; but Dorrance smiled calmly, turning to the lady.

"How is that? do gentlemen often deal so with step-sons? Mother, *you* will side with me at the last?"

"She dare not! I have borne with you long enough; I have been an ally in this conspiracy; and now, when your own selfishness is so apparent, I seem to see what a blind fool I have been to respect the secret Mrs. Dorrance told me when it was too late for me to help it. We have palmed off this trick of secrecy long enough. You shall be known as my wife's son; and Florence shall be declared the true heiress of—"

"Mr. Arbuthnot, you need not threaten me! Perhaps you forget you should not mention a certain fact, even before Ellis."

Dorrance opened his eyes in surprise.

"You have kept something back then?"

"More than you know of, perhaps; among which, is the fact that you need not follow your attention to Gussie Palliser. You will not marry her, rest assured."

Dorrance sneered.

"Pray, do you know the lovely young lady also?"

Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot exchanged glances, then the lady replied:

"Better than you do, Ellis."

A dark frown gathered on Dorrance's face.

"I am disgusted with so much mystery; mother, Mr. Arbuthnot, good-afternoon."

He departed silently, and while there was a gloomy frown on his forehead, a smile of self-gratulation was on his lip.

"At any rate, one band is broken. I will seek my bonnie Gussie this very afternoon. She must be mine; for I love her; and, besides, my last speculation was remarkably unlucky; Lakeview would not come amiss to me."

So, in his selfishness and wickedness, he hastened on to Lakeview.

At the entrance, he gave the man a familiar nod, and attempted to pass in, but was respectfully prevented.

"I have orders not to admit you, Mr. Dorrance. Miss Palliser bade me give you this if ever you came."

He handed Ellis a letter; the same he had sent by the carrier-dove to Chessom's Pride, so he knew she had received it.

On the last page was written, in Gussie's handwriting:

"Go to *Isabel Lefevre* and show her this letter. Never speak to, or of, me again. G. P."

He started in amazement; how did Gussie know of his acquaintance with Isabel?

It was ample food for reflection, as, chagrined and angered, he pursued his way, on foot, toward the Haunted House.

It lay directly past Chessom's Pride, by the main road; Florence Arbuthnot's residence being at one end of the village, furthest from Chessom's Pride; Lakeview at the end nearest, with Chessom's Pride lying about two-thirds of the distance between Gussie's residence and the Haunted House.

A feeling of bitter enmity toward Florence's accepted lover was in his heart as he gazed at the elegant mansion, its lone and satin draped windows; its statues standing in the snow.

He wondered if Chessom had ever seen the note he had sent by the carrier-dove; wondered if he had not suspected who had detained the bird those days it was a prisoner in his own room.

He glanced up at the sunny side of the house, and caught sight of the gilded cage, reflecting the bright sunlight as the light wind swung it to and fro.

Lili was within, basking in the warm afternoon sunshine, her white plumage smooth and shining.

Had it been Gussie's hand—now lost to him forever—that had caressed it?

The thought sent an added balefulness to the already ugly glitter of his eyes.

"Gussie lost! Isabel estranged! and Florence unmanageable! By Jupiter, she shall be mine, if only to spite this haughty-headed Chessom, who ordered me from his house! Yes, and mine before the midnight bells shall ring, if not by fair means, by foul!"

He still stood, screened by a snow-laden arbor, glancing jealously at the house, that lay still and apparently uninhabited, in the early gathering shadows; for it was four o'clock or very near of a January day.

"If I could but once gain possession of that carrier-pigeon! I'd like to have the satisfaction of wringing its neck! no—I've a better idea! by Jove, what a glorious revenge! I'll take it from its cage—the shutters are all closed, and I see no one on that side of the house—carry it to the Haunted House, and from there send a bulletin to my lord Chessom, stating Florence's condition, and my determination; after which I will adopt some feasible plan to leave this part of the country with my unwilling bride."

His black eyes gleamed with the anticipation of evil triumph as he quickly entered the snowy path that led to the library windows, against one of which the dove was hanging. He secured it without detection, thrust it in the breast of his overcoat, and amid the darkening sunset shadows, proceeded to the Haunted house.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PRETTY PLOT.

ELLIS DORRANCE had hardly left the residence of the Arbuthnots, when his step-father turned sharply to his wife.

"A pretty trick this noble son of yours has played us! And I've insulted Mr. Chessom, who I now see is a gentleman."

"You've changed your mind rather suddenly," remarked the lady, dryly. "So far as I am concerned, I never liked him, and never will. I only regret Ellis' stubbornness to marry Florence."

"What have I been telling you all these years? didn't I say he never would succeed? didn't I say it was a wicked shame to impose on her as long as we did? But she shall have her rights, and that, too, as soon as I can arrange it."

"One would think you *were* her father, to hear your disinterested kindness. *I* am wicked enough to confess I have always wanted her and my son to make a match. If I hadn't desired it, I certainly would not have schemed and plotted when she was a babe in her cradle; she and Gussie together."

"Gussie shall be told as well as Florence of the romantic drama in which she has all unconsciously been acting; and then, when Ellis finds he has lost all, perhaps he'll be less independent."

Mr. Arbuthnot was slowly pacing the room, and his wife toyed with the spoons on the table. "Ellis' spirit can never be broken; and as for the money he has used—Florence can well spare it. Oh, if he had only married her and secured the rest."

The impatient promenader did not answer immediately; then suddenly paused before his wife.

"Have you heard from Gussie's brother, lately?"

"Not for a six-month, at least. Why?"

"I desire him to be informed of the change that will take place; he knew it would occur some time, though not when. I will just telegraph to him to come to Beechcrest."

Then the restless walk went on, broken as before by a sudden stop.

"That rascal never told us where Florence was! By Jove! I wish I had tracked him. It's only ten minutes since he went, and I'll try. Get your shawl and hat and come with me."

To will was to do, in the Arbuthnot household, and in less than five minutes they were off, having been told by a boy who was skating on the little pond near by, which direction Mr. Dorrance had taken.

Absorbed by his thoughts, Dorrance had walked slowly; urged by far different motives, the Arbuthnots hastened on, catching a sight of him as he entered the grounds of Lakeview; they slackened their speed, and suffered him to depart.

As they passed the window, they saw the stony, vengeful face of Gussie peering after him.

"Suppose you ask for an interview, while I keep on."

And, in compliance with her husband's command, Mrs. Arbuthnot went up to the elegant entrance. Gussie met her in the hall, with an affectionate kiss.

"Come right in; it is so cold. You saw Ellis go away?"

The black eyes flashed direfully as the lips framed the words.

Mrs. Arbuthnot caressed the small, shapely hand in a tender, half-hungering sort of way. "I saw him, dear. But I'd so much rather look at you! it has been *so* long since I saw you. This unnatural mode of living will soon be over, though, my darling, and I'll have you all the time then."

Gussie shrugged her shoulders prettily.

"I must admit I like all this elegance and luxury, only, of course I have taught myself it is not mine. Suppose my handsome step-brother knew who Lakeview belonged to I think he'd open his black eyes wider."

Mrs. Arbuthnot's eyes were full of tenderest love as she gazed on Gussie's piquant, sparkling face.

"You've been a faithful daughter, my Gussie, and you shall be rewarded for serving us so well."

A little look of pain came into Gussie's face.

"But, mother, dear, I fear I have lost my heart in this daring game. I had learned to love Ellis better than I should have done. Often I forgot he was only a step-brother; and remember, I never saw him until we were both grown up; you kept me at school so closely."

"I know, dear, because I was so anxious he should marry Florence, and secure her wealth. I threw them together constantly, with that hope."

"Which was the very worst thing you could have done; besides, mother, did you not know that Ellis was already—"

A knock at the door, followed by Mr. Arbuthnot's entrance, interrupted Gussie's remark.

With a fond kiss and a caress, her father turned to his wife.

"He has stopped at Chessom's Pride for something, and I've got a man on the watch until he brings up somewhere. Gussie, you can give us a cup of tea? it will probably be the last we take at Lakeview, unless we are invited, which I hardly think. I telegraphed for your brother Will, Gussie, to come. He'll be in by the 8:30 down train."

"Will!" repeated she, joyfully. "I've not seen Will since I've been at Lakeview. I am so anxious to see him!"

"Then so soon as he comes, we are to go, all of us, to the place where Ellis has taken Florence, and explain the affair to her, and bring her home."

Mingled with Gussie's beauty that night, was a sadness; a weary sort of way she had with her that her mother and father could not understand. They forbore asking questions, however, and at early evening left her, quietly as they came, unseen as they always came, for their home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GRAND TABLEAU.

ELLIS DORRANCE was not in the best of humors when he arrived at the Haunted House.

Florence, from her window in the second story, saw him coming through the twilight darkness, his step rapid and firm.

A fluttering of some tiny white object attracted her attention; she saw Dorrance smooth the little spot of white; then a head peered from beneath his hand.

With a scream of rapturous joy, Florence recognized Lili. For the first time since her departure from home, there came a genuine satisfactory ray of hope to her; for with Lili for her ally, she asked no stronger friend. She was too excited, too nervous to question how or why Dorrance had obtained possession of Lili; she was content to simply accept the fact he *had* possession.

Almost before Dorrance had entered the door, Florence had decided upon her course. To avoid being suspected by her captor, she resolved to go down to her meals as usual; carefully observe where the dove was placed, and at her earliest possible convenience, obtain possession, and send it home with a message she should prepare in the mean time.

She knew it would take not a half-hour for Lili to reach Chessom's Pride, and for Arch to hurry back, if he were home.

So, wild with inward nervousness, she went down the stairs just in time to see Dorrance shut down the cover of a basket, and thrust it in the lower section of the large, old-fashioned secretary.

Dorrance glanced suddenly at her, but her gaze was into the blazing fire on the hearth.

"Bring in supper, Mary! Florence, I want a few moments' conversation with you."

She turned her head away with a gesture of disdain that did not improve his temper; and he laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

She sprung from under it, her eyes flashing fire.

"Remove your hand, sir! and be careful not to repeat the offense!"

"That's all very fine, you know, but such acting is about 'played' with me. I am tired of this ceaseless, senseless shilly-shallying—"

"Which argues less for your grammar than it does for your refinement," she interpolated, keenly.

"Refinement notwithstanding. Florence Arbuthnot, I am going to put an end to all this. To-night you shall consent to be my wife, or a worse fate—"

She held up her hand in quiet, wrathful dignity.

"Do not speak such words in my presence. If your vile lips will speak them, say them to yourself. I will not listen."

She turned to go from the room, but he arrested her.

"Not yet! Just wait until I give Mary her orders for locking up."

He smiled sarcastically and stepped to the next room.

It was Florence's golden opportunity; quick as a flash of lightning she opened the basket, and took the tiny pigeon therefrom, securing it in her pocket.

Just as she had replaced the lid, and sunk upon a chair, covering her conscious features with her hands, Ellis returned.

"Pardon me for leaving you so long, but I had further to go for Mary than I thought. Allow me to escort you to your room-door."

She silently submitted, lest an attempt to resist his distasteful offer might lead to a discovery of her precious treasure.

At her door he bade her good-night.

"Pleasant dreams, Florence, if you insist on retiring. However, I'll venture to say you'll be down-stairs before long. I am going to break another bottle of that Green Seal."

Florence saw he was already slightly under the influence of liquor, to which she attributed his willingness to permit her to seek her own room.

Not a moment was to be lost; trembling with fear lest Dorrance should discover the absence of Lili, she lighted her lamp, and, having neither pencil or paper, pen or ink, she tore a piece of the papering from the wall, and with the burnt end of the match scrawled to Arch the fact of her being a prisoner at a place near his house; with high towers; the house where he left a negress the morning before; signed her name with a prayer for deliverance, and tied the paper to Lili's wing with a thread drawn from her dress.

The window was securely fastened, but she broke a pane in pieces; and Lili was off, beyond reach of recall!

Then, with true feminine nature, she sat down and cried.

It did her good, that hearty storm of nervous grief, that was a relief to her feelings, that, despite all her awful dangers, had never brought a tear to her eyes.

How long she sat there she did not know; it might have been five minutes or an hour, when a subdued knock was heard on her door, followed by Mary's voice.

"Oh, Miss Florence, ef dere ain't de awfullest goin's-on down dem stairs! Massa Dorrance he half tipsy, and a-bossin' me roun', an' swearin' you shall kim down! Oh, Miss Florence, ef you on'y could cum afore he cums up! 'deed and 'deed you'd better! an' ef he comes fur to go fur to tech you, I'll poker him, I will!"

"I will come down, Mary. I do not think he will abuse me."

So down she went, wondering if Arch would be home; if he would come in time to save her.

Dorrance was walking to and fro in furious anger.

"Where is that bird, you—"

He could find no word that suitably expressed what he wished to say; so he stopped abruptly.

She met his lurid gaze as calmly as she could.

"What bird, Mr. Dorrance?"

"None of your evading the question! I ask where is that cursed bird?"

She was wondering what reply she could give consistent with truth, and yet not enrage him the more, when he burst forth again:

"But I've got you safe enough now, my beauty! and you shall pay for the trouble you've given me. Sit down there, and I'll come sit beside you. I haven't had that pleasure in some time."

She seated herself on the edge of a chair nearest the next room.

Her face was pale as death, and her eyes furtively watching his every movement.

"That's not the chair I mean, you little coquette you! Come here on the lounge, where I can put my arm around you and kiss you!"

"Will you wait one moment, Mr. Dorrance, while I go in this room for a glass of water?"

A deadly glitter in her eyes told she was not to be trifled with.

"To moisten those sweet lips? certainly, only excuse my want of gallantry in not waiting upon you."

She walked deliberately into the next room, and he heard her pour out a glass of water and swallow it; then she came out, paler than before.

"Now come! I'm impatient, you see!"

She stood perfectly still a moment, then spoke, in a low, terrible voice:

"Ellis Dorrance! I shall never accede to your infamous demands. Beyond where I stand, I shall not go one step."

"Then I can come to you! By Jove, I will, too!"

He sprung from the lounge, and advanced to meet her; his eyes glaring redly upon her, his breath hot and wine-tainted.

He extended his arms to enclasp her in his embrace; she drew back a pace, and pointed a loaded pistol full in his face.

"It is your own that I saw lying there, which I obtained under pretense of wanting water. And before High Heaven I'll lay you dead at my feet if you lay a finger upon me!"

Her voice was high and ringing, and her hand never trembled with its dread engine of death.

Dorrance was taken aback; then, by a sudden, swift motion of his hands, he caught her arms in his iron grasp; a scream issued from her lips.

A sudden, thunderous, prolonged knocking was heard at the door of the room; a powerful blow by more than one pair of hands, and Arch Chessom dashed in, clasping Florence's fainting form, just as Palmer pinioned Dorrance in his strong grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, followed by

Gussie, occupied the center of the room in solemn, painful silence. It was as if the shadow of Death had fallen upon them, so awfully still it was; with Florence lying pale and unconscious in her lover's arms, and Dorrance staring in speechless surprise at the unexpected intruders.

Then Mr. Arbuthnot broke the silence.

"Ellis, justice must be meted out, sooner or later, to every soul. It has come to you to-night. We have found you to be a villain, and even if you are my wife's son, I do not hesitate to unmask you. First, Gussie, what is your accusation?"

She bent on Dorrance a glance of mingled scorn and pity as she stepped forth.

"I would prefer that something be done for that poor girl first; bring water," she said, to Mary, who stood trembling in the doorway.

Then, when Florence had revived, and sat with her lover tenderly supporting her, Gussie produced a little note.

"It is from Isabel Lefevre, and declares on her oath she is Ellis Dorrance's lawful wife."

A gleam of rage shot from Dorrance's eyes, but he said nothing; he evidently knew he was baffled.

"And I," said Palmer, "wish to inform this gentleman that I am Gussie's brother, Will; who, knowing the romantic game being played by the Arbuthnots and desiring an equal share in the prize, devoted my life to the winning of Miss Florence, who, as heiress of Lakeview, would be a very acceptable wife, notwithstanding my worthy mother's desire that her first-born by her first husband should be the favored one."

Florence looked bewilderedly at them all; while Arch, to whom the story had been told on the way, as the parties met near Chessom's Pride, congratulated her lovingly.

"You see, darling," he explained, "Lakeview belonged to you always; your grandparents having died intestate; not knowing you were living as Florence Arbuthnot; that family having been hired to nurse you by your own mother when you were a baby in Europe.

"The Arbuthnots kept track of the family; and when they died, conceived the idea of passing their daughter Gussie as Miss Palliser, and keeping you at home as their daughter, thereby hoping Mr. Dorrance would marry you, and thus secure the property legally to them."

Glad tears sprung to Florence's bright eyes.

"And now your family will receive me?"

Arch flushed a little in chagrin, but he whispered, bravely:

"I am ashamed to confess it, that I think so."

"And, dear Florence, I have vacated Lakeview forever; the carriage is at the door, and you and Mr. Chessom are to go to your rightful home, and be married at once."

"I have done wrong, Florence," said Mrs. Arbuthnot, "and to atone I have given up the necessary papers to your future husband; Mr. Chessom will see to the proper settlements."

Dorrance still sat in stolid silence, while Will Arbuthnot, *alias* Palmer, stood behind him.

"Miss Palliser," said Palmer, at length, to Florence, "for I will be the first to call you by your true name, may I ever be forgiven? I am ashamed and repentant; I can say no more."

Florence, safe in Arch's arms, smiled brightly at him.

"You did me one favor, at least, Mr. Arbuthnot; I shall not forget that. Let us all be friends, and forget the past; all but—"

She hesitated, and flushed painfully as she looked at Dorrance.

He glanced angrily at her.

"All but me, I suppose? Well, this is all the friend I want—"

He snatched the pistol, laid it against his temple, fired, and fell dead among them; a bad man, whom no one regretted but his mother, to whom the blow was severe.

Why need we linger over the story longer?

Florence Palliser and Arch Chessom were married at Lakeview that very night; and on the morrow were received with open arms at Chessom's Pride!

Such is the way of the world!

THE END.

Double-Death:

OR,

THE SPY QUEEN OF WYOMING.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

(LAUNCE POYNTZ,)

AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAROLE OF HONOR.

EVERARD BARBOUR gave a violent start when Tim addressed him so suddenly through the window. He ejaculated, in a low voice:

"Heavens, Tim! How got you here? If you are found you will be killed!"

"Kilt!" said the scout, disdainfully; "and what wid? Sure there's nothing but squaws and childer here. Come out, liftinant, and I'll get ye out of this in no time at all, at all."

Everard trembled, and looked apprehensively round.

"I can not, Murphy," he whispered. "*I am on parole.*"

"And what's that?" asked Tim, innocently.

"I have given my word not to escape," said Everard, sadly. "If there were ten thousand troops in the valley, I should be bound to flee with the Indians."

"Bedad, and that's quare," said Tim, reflectively. "And av I may make bould, who's the little lady beyant?"

"That," said Everard, hesitating, "that is—my adopted sister."

"Wisha now!" said Double-Death, dryly; "and she's mighty affectionate for a sisther, liftinant. Would she like another brother, now?"

Everard frowned impatiently.

"No, sir. I have told you that I am *on parole*, and can not escape. You must go back where you came from, or you may lose your life here. Go, before Miss Lacy comes back, or you may repent it."

Tim Murphy, instead of obeying the order, which was given imperiously, deliberately entered the room, and grounded the butt of his rifle with a clang on the floor.

"Bedad and I'll do no sich thing," he said, gravely. "Whin an officer is a prisoner, liftinant, we're not bound to obey his ordhers. I didn't come all this way to find ye for nothin', and, bedad, I'm not goin' back wid a fool's answer. Miss Marian's home, cryin' her eyes out, thinkin' ye dead, and I couldn't l'ave the poor cr'ature to think that. Will I be goin' now to tell her that I found ye kissin' a pretty Tory lady, and that ye wouldn't come back to yer duty whin ye had a chance?"

"Murphy, you don't understand these things," said Everard, impatiently. "I tell you, when an officer has given his parole not to escape, he can not break it. He must give up the parole and submit to be confined, before he can escape. As for Miss Neilson, I am perfectly true to her yet, but I can not break my parole."

"I know all that," said the scout. "Well, liftinant, then ye must give up yer parole, that's all, and, bedad, I'll resky ye."

"It can not be," said Everard, firmly. "There is not a warrior in the valley, and it would be a mere mockery for me to resign my parole *now*. No, Tim, I know you mean well, but I *must* remain here till the warriors return, and escape then, if I can. For yourself, let me entreat you to go and tell Marian I am alive and love her as well as ever. You will be discovered in a moment more if you stay."

"He *is* discovered," said a voice at that minute, and Charlotte Lacy stood on the low sill of the French window that opened on the piazza, within two feet of the form of Double-Death. Tim wheeled round and confronted her, standing speechless before the extraordinary beauty of the mysterious girl.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the lady, tranquilly. "Your dress is that of an Indian, but you seem to be a white man for all that. Who are you?"

"Faith, and yer ladyship has heard me name many a time," said Tim, proudly. "The praste he called me Timothy, and me father's name was Murphy, and I'll go bail yer ladyship has heard the Injuns tell of Double-Death, the scout, of Morgan's Rangers."

The lady came forward and laid a tiny hand on his arm.

"And are you Double-Death, the famous scout?" she asked, in a tone of great interest. "You are a bold man to come here alone. What do you want?"

"I want to take the liftinant, here, away wid me," said Tim, boldly. "I came all the way from Saratogy, and now, bedad, he won't go. He says he's on parole, and can't escape."

"It is true," said the lady, with a smile. "Did you think he would have been left alone here, if I had not trusted his honor? Without me, he would have been burned at the stake long ago. In gratitude to me, he has given his parole. Let me see you make him break it."

"And sure yer ladyship wouldn't want a bit of a b'y, the likes o' him," said the Irish ranger, coaxingly. "What good will he do ye now? Sure ye might betther let him come wid ould Tim, me lady, and I'll go bail he'll niver shoot another Injun ag'in. There's all his family cryin' for him, bedad, and I promised his poor ould mother I'd bring him home, and av yer ladyship would only let him go, it's Tim Murphy'll pray the Lord to bless yer beautiful face every blessed night on me bare and binded knees, Miss. Arrah now, me lady, sure and the kind heart bames out of thim iligant blue eyes, so it does; and sure yer ladyship won't refuse the requist of a dacent boy, so ye won't; and all that lies in the way of fradom and honor for the lad is a wee word from thim rosy lips, me lady, and sure yer ladyship'll spake it, won't ye now?"

Tim, in his wish to be insinuating, had drawn very near the nonchalant-looking little lady, who stood, smiling with suppressed amusement, on the sill of the window.

"Will *you* stay in his place?" asked the lady, quietly. "If you will, I will give him back his parole. I might take you prisoner, even now, cautious as you are, and great warrior as you think yourself. Four rifles cover you now, Double-Death, and only my body shields you from them."

"Then, be the powers, ye'd betther stay where ye are," said Tim, coolly.

As he spoke, with a rapid movement he placed both hands on the delicate shoulders of the girl, and kept her between him and the window. She made no resistance, but Everard advanced and angrily shook off the scout's grasp, saying:

"Hands off that lady, Murphy. Don't be a fool."

Tim released his hold sulkily.

"Av you're ag'in' me too, liftinant, I might as well go. Tim Murphy isn't blind, but he can see that a purty face is makin' a turncoat of ye. Let yer people shoot, me lady, and see how much I mind thim."

And he snapped his fingers derisively.

Charlotte Lacy laughed.

"I don't want to kill you," she said, quietly. "You have made me no answer yet. Will you take Everard's place on parole if I let him go back to his own forces in Philadelphia?"

"Take his place, is it?" asked Tim, scratching his head. "But does yer ladyship suppose that a lot of squaws could kape *me* in here, if *he* was once gone?"

"I do," said the girl, quietly. "But you must give up your arms, and submit to be bound, before he goes. Will you do it?"

Tim shook his head.

"Ye're thrying to come Dalilah over me, me lady," he said. "How'll I know that he'll go whin ye tell him? He may have turned traitor, and bedad it looks like it."

"You will have my word," said she, calmly. "If you will not do it, go. Once outside this room, your life is in your own hands to defend. There are more enemies here than you dream of."

"Me lady," said Tim, shrewdly, "Brag's a good dog, but ye see I've been all through the counthry round here, and I know there's not a warrior in Sheshequin. Av ye mane to frighten me with squaws—"

"Enough," she said, haughtily. "You have tried to induce your officer to break his parole, given to me, and I have spared your life so far. Now surrender, or die!"

With a sudden movement she raised a tiny pistol which she had been holding in her hand, half behind her, all this time, and held it to Tim's ear. The borderer looked in her face, and beheld in the beautiful eyes a stony, pitiless look that told him that she really would fire if he stirred a muscle, and yet he laughed.

"Bedad, me lady," he observed, quizzically, "ye've a mighty takin' way wid yez, but Tim Murphy's seen too many rifles to fear a popgun like that. Blaze away, me lady, and much good may it do yez."

Charlotte Lacy seemed to be too much surprised at his coolness to fire. She was not used to men with such thorough contempt for death. In a half hesitating manner she lowered the pistol, and the next moment it was seized in the iron grip of the borderer. What would have happened next is uncertain, for at that moment the crack of several rifles echoed without, and a bullet passed through Tim's cap, while three more crashed into the walls all round, proving the truth of Charlotte's words, that there were enemies outside.

"Run, man, run!" cried Everard. "You *would* have it, when I warned you to go. I can not protect you now."

Tim was indeed in deadly peril at that moment, but his coolness never forsook him.

"I'll pay ye for this, ye traitor!" he hissed, furiously, to Everard, and in a moment he was out of the window, and over the low gallery into the darkness without. Several shots were fired at him as he leaped down, but with such defective aim that he was unhurt. A number of figures came rushing at him, with shrill yells, and Tim realized that he was beset by *squaws*—squaws that could and did use rifles.

The borderer uttered a taunting laugh in reply, and fled across the rocky platform of the amphitheater, without returning a shot. It went against the Irishman's gallant nature to fire at women, although he knew them to be dangerous and implacable foes to those in their power. He trusted to the darkness and his own fleetness of foot to escape, and in a few moments more he was running swiftly up the glen, leaving his female pursuers far behind, followed by several random shots. It did not take Tim long to regain the source of the glen, climb out and return to his horse. It was in great bitterness of spirit that he mounted the noble animal and set out on his return journey, for he realized that the country was no longer safe for him.

"The traitor!" he said, savagely, to himself. "And I came all the way from Albany to get news of him, and he, the blackguard, a dirty traitor! bought with British goold! Ah, Misther Barbour! so I'd only had the time, I'd have stopped your tr'ason, ye thafe. Och! wirastru! The lad I was so fond of, gone over to the inimy! What'll poor Miss Marian say whin she hears of it? The cunning divil of a Spy Queen has witched him, sure, or he wouldn't have turned on his ould friend, Tim Murphy, like that. The cunning thafe! wid his paroles and fine stories about *honor*. Honor! A traitor! I'll give him honor when I see him again!"

Tim was terribly excited over his fruitless mission, and if Everard had been there that moment, his shrift would have been a short one from the indignant Irishman.

Tim was convinced that his favorite had gone over to the enemy, and nothing at that moment would have convinced him to the contrary, as he rode recklessly through the corn-field round Sheshequin, despising the possibility of pursuit by the squaws in the village, and gloomily took the back track toward Albany.

Meanwhile, in the glen all was quiet once more. The Indian girls who had composed Queen Esther's household, and trained by her into a sort of Amazon guard, had been the pursuers of Tim, but they soon got tired and returned to the house, with the news that the intruder had escaped and the mysterious Spy Queen dismissed them to their posts at the back of the house, whence she had summoned them on hearing the noise of Tim's voice speaking to Everard.

The boy-officer looked downcast and gloomy, now it was all over, and his beautiful jailer remarked it.

"Everard," she said, softly, approaching him, "what ails you? Will you not tell poor sister Charlotte?"

And she twined her arm round his neck in the loving familiar fashion she had insensibly grown into, and looked into his eyes pleadingly.

"Charlotte," said he, gravely, "did you hear what Murphy called me?"

"No," she said, pretending not to understand him.

"He called me a traitor. Am I one, Charlotte? I have only kept my parole."

"Never mind," she said, evasively. "What is he but a rebel, anyway?"

"Ay, Charlotte. But I am a rebel, too, and I ought to have tried to escape long since. I ought not to have given my parole. I was weak and cowardly to do it. Please to have me confined now, that I may know that I can escape, if I have a chance. I give up my parole. I shall try to escape."

"From me?" she asked, pressing him closer.

"No; from myself," he answered. "I have been weak. If you do not have me confined, I shall escape to-night, and return to my duty."

"Very well," said Charlotte Lacy, calmly. "You can go. I return you your parole, Everard. You have kept it nobly. I will not be outdone in generosity. You are free to go."

"But you?" he stammered, in surprise; "how will you do this? I am the prisoner of the Indians."

"I take the responsibility," she answered. "You shall be sent on your way to-morrow morning. The Indians obey me, and I do what I please. Only one promise I exact in return for your freedom."

"Name it," said he. "If honor permits, I will give it."

"Whatever I do, and wherever you see me in future, Everard Barbour," said Charlotte Lacy, slowly, "I require you to keep secret all that has passed between us. You know me half, I will tell you all. I am the chief of the secret service of his majesty in these colonies, and you are the only American that knows it. I tried to corrupt you, brave, honest lad that you are, and I have failed. Everard, I never failed to make any man love me ere this, and now I—I—*you know why I have saved you.* On your faith as a soldier, on your honor as a gentleman, promise me that you will never reveal to mortal what I have told you, or any thing that has passed between us, no matter who asks you."

"I promise," said Everard, solemnly, "on my faith as a soldier, on my honor as a gentleman, that I will never reveal to mortal who you are, nor what has passed between us."

"I ask no more," said Charlotte, sadly. "If ever you are in trouble, Everard, think of me as a sister."

"I do; I will," he said, warmly. His honor was still intact, but at that moment Charlotte seemed doubly beautiful, and Marian far off.

"Go then," she said, hastily waving him to the door. "While I am strong, say farewell. To-morrow all will be ready for you. Farewell."

He kissed her hand ardently, and left the room slowly, as if reluctant.

Charlotte looked after him, and a change came over her pale face.

"Yes," she murmured, triumphantly, "you shall go back, and *I shall follow you*, for, by this time, your Marian is safe with our good Montour. Ay, you shall go back, but *I* will be there, too. This virtuous attachment grows weaker daily. Patience, Charlotte. A little more, and this stubborn boy shall give honor, country and all to bask in thy smiles, and this blowsy country lass, this Marian Neilson, will make a good squaw to Black Eagle. Be it so. And what comes after all? Well, we shall see. He shall kneel to me first. I will not be balked of my will by a boy. He *shall* love me. Afterward, well, let the game go on. I can always throw up the hand if I tire of playing."

The enigmatical Spy Queen remained absorbed in thought for awhile, and then slowly withdrew to her chamber, the same that had been occupied by Queen Esther.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GRAPPLE OF DEATH.

THE carriage that contained Marian Neilson and the false countess traveled rapidly along the road, past the little hamlet of Quaker Springs, meeting not a soul till they came to the village, and passing rapidly through that. As they went, Queen Esther kept the windows closed, and drew a small dagger, with which she threatened Marian's life if the girl tried to scream for help. The precaution was needless, for Marian was thoroughly fascinated and cowed by the glittering eyes and powerful will of the old queen. They passed the village in safety, took the road to Cherry Valley, and camped in the woods at night, in precisely the same fashion in which the queen had been spied by Double-Death a few days before.

That night also they were joined by Black Eagle, with four warriors, all that had been left alive by the deadly aim of Tim Murphy. The chief looked gloomy and morose, and did not notice Marian much. He expressed his gratitude to Queen Esther for having recovered the White Flower, but seemed to be overcome with gloom at the destruction of so many of his warriors by Double-Death.

Marian was left alone in the carriage at night, a forbearance for which she was very grateful, and the journey was resumed next morning, their road lying through heavy woods, on an old Indian road, just wide enough to admit the carriage. At night they halted and camped in the woods as before, and so for three days no event occurred to disturb the gloomy monotony of the prisoner's life. On the fourth they encountered several parties of strange Indians, most of them with scalps at their belts, and Marian heard, with intense horror, that they were fresh from the massacre of Cherry Valley. Old Queen Esther seemed to be in her element as she questioned the various warriors about the slaughter, and heard that her own tribe and the Mohawks were in it. She insisted on leaving the clumsy carriage, assuming the warrior's dress, and departing with a party of her own tribe after more murders, leaving Marian in the charge of Black Eagle.

"Keep her yourself, chief," she said. "You swore that I lost her before. Keep her, and take care of her now. I got her for you."

It was with a sensation of great relief that Marian saw the wicked old woman take her departure. The very softness of her manners, and the evident marks of education possessed by Catherine Montour, only made the cruelty of her deeds the more repulsive to the poor girl. Left alone though she was with Black Eagle, without a woman anywhere near her, she could not help feeling easier.

The chief announced to her, in broken English, his intention of leaving the carriage behind, and offered to have a litter constructed for her use, better adapted to the woods.

Marian refused the offer, and announced that she felt able to walk.

The chief looked pleased, and signified to her to follow him, and that she should be well treated. He left the vicinity of Cherry Valley, where the murders were at that moment going on, though Marian knew it not, and took a narrow path through the woods, where the party was compelled to walk in single file among the bushes. The chief led the party, with Marian next to him, and two warriors followed behind them. The other two ranged on either flank, a little in advance, in the cautious manner invariable with Indians on the march, and in this way they had walked fully fifteen miles through the woods. Toward evening the underwood ceased entirely, primeval forest taking its place, with a clear space between the trees for miles.

Marian was a robust girl, and in good health, but the day's walk had fatigued her considerably. She was by no means sorry, then, when the chief halted at sunset in a most lovely spot, a little natural opening in the wood, where a crystal spring lay framed in emerald. A fire was kindled; and the chief, with a consideration for her comfort she had not expected of him, set his followers to work to strip sheets of bark from the trees and construct a wigwam for her use.

"Let the White Flower sleep in peace to-night," he said, gravely, motioning her to enter. "Black Eagle has deaths to avenge before he enters lodge again. The terrible pale-face hunter has slain eight of my warriors single-handed, and Black Eagle has sworn never to sleep with his bride till he has hung the scalp of Double-Death at his belt."

Marian bowed her head, and her heart swelled with thankfulness. For a time, at least, she was safe from any importunities, and at the same time under the powerful protection of a chief, second to none on the war-path. She entered the little wigwam, and found that the interior was already comfortable. A heap of soft spruce twigs made a pleasant and sweet-smelling couch, at one side, over which was thrown the large bear-skin robe of Black Eagle himself, and a bountiful supper of fresh venison was brought into the lodge on a bark plate, by the hand of the chief himself.

Then the girl, wearied out with her day's travel, fell fast asleep almost as soon as it was dark, and dreamed that Queen Esther was dead, and that Everard was close beside her. How long she had slept she never knew, but she awoke in the dark, with the sound of rifle-shots in her ears, and crouched down again under the cover of the bear-skin, hearing the noise of a savage contest going on outside the wigwam, among the embers of the fire. There were blows and deep-toned curses following each other for some minutes, all the sounds of a furious struggle going on, and still the wigwam was pitch dark. At last something or some one with a violent crash, came down against the side of the wigwam: the frail bark gave way, and two men, locked in the deadly grip of hate, came tumbling through the aperture, letting in a flood of moonlight on the scene, and falling at Marian's feet.

With a shriek of terror, the girl bounded up, and sprung through the opening, unheeded by the combatants, who continued to struggle vehemently, where they had fallen. Outside everything was still as death, and Marian, whose first impulse was to flee, she knew not where, ran into the woods and hid behind a tree, with the instinct of safety. There, she peeped back into the little glade, and a horrible sight met her view. Four dead bodies lay around the fire, in attitudes that conclusively showed they had been shot while asleep, and the girl recognized the fact that the struggling men in the tent could be no other than Black Eagle and the man who had slain his warriors. And who could this stranger be, who had been able to shoot these four men with such rapidity that not one had wakened in time?

The thought flashed over her mind at once: "It must be Double-Death."

She had heard, half-asleep, half-awake, only four shots, and they must have come from him, for no one else could have fired so quick. Involuntarily Marian forgot her apprehensions, and ventured closer, to see the termination of the grim struggle that was still going on within the shattered wigwam. As she came there, she spied on the ground the well-known double rifle of the hunter, then one pistol, then another, then a knife, then a tomahawk. It became evident that the chief had leaped up and grappled with the scout, who had lost all his weapons in the tussle that ensued.

Marian crept closer to the wigwam and looked in. The two men were still struggling, but the borderer was undermost. The chief, far the larger and more powerful of the two, had at last got his knee on Tim's chest, and was slowly strangling him to death, for he, too, seemed to have lost his weapons. It was a fearful moment for Marian. The chief had been kind to her, after his manner, and so had Tim Murphy. She saw that she could end the battle in the latter's favor, with the chief's tomahawk, which lay at her feet, and yet she hesitated a moment. Would it be right?

A look at the blackening face of the brave little scout decided her.

"I can not let him die," she said, with a half-sob.

She seized the tomahawk, and struck at the head of Black Eagle, as he still strove hard to throttle the borderer. The erring weapon turned in her hand, and she only wounded him slightly, but the blow half-stunned the chief, and he let go his hold, and staggered to his feet.

Marian's courage was great *passively*, but in a contest like this, it required a fierce *aggressive* courage that she had not. Involuntarily she faltered and trembled, and ran back, dropping the tomahawk. Tim Murphy seemed to be too much exhausted to rise, and the chief went back and picked up the fallen tomahawk. He seemed to be confused and ferocious, for he strode toward Marian, with ax uplifted, and the girl fell helplessly on her knees, murmuring:

"Mercy! mercy!"

But Black Eagle was too much worked up to be capable of mercy at that moment. He half-staggered, half-strode forward, and seized the girl by the hair, when he wavered and shook all over. The tomahawk fell from his hand, and the great chief fell prone to the earth, where he lay still, a low moan issuing from his lips.

Marian was astounded, but the mystery was explained when she beheld a small, dark orifice in the naked back of the chief, close under the shoulder. It was the track of a bullet that had come out there, and he had not fallen till now. In a moment more, Murphy came crawling out of the wigwam, and the first move that the exhausted scout made, was to secure the weapons he had lost in the scuffle. Then he turned round, observing:

"Blessed be the Lord, this day, Miss Marian. I've found ye at last."

(*To be continued—Commenced in No. 127.*)

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☞ *A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.*

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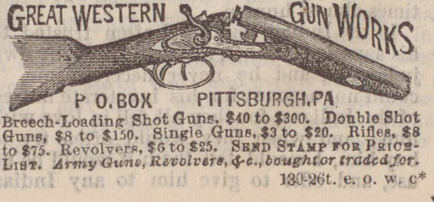

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MY FIRST POEM.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Sweet maiden of the fairy form,
(She was as short as wide, in fine,)
I give thee my affections warm,
(The mercury was ninety-nine.)

I gaze upon thy face so fair,
(Indeed 'twas of a sunburnt hue—)
And find each charm of beauty there,
(And quite a lot of freckles, too.)

How sweetly in thine angel eyes
(Sure, one of them professed a squint,)
The tender hue of heaven lies,
(They had a slightly emerald tint.)

What fay could boast so sweet a mouth,
(It was the widest ever seen,)
It breathes with odors of the South,
(And sassafras and wintergreen.)

Thy cheeks are fair and delicate;
(Quite fat, I was more fond than wise,)
Thy chin with dimples oh how sweet!
(Nature had gone and made it twice.)

No princess has such tapered fingers,
(The wrong way tapered and not long,)
And on my arm their light touch lingers,
(Their light touch was a pinch quite strong.)

Thy feet they trip to numbers sweet,
(They went as far as numbers go,)
How light their tread upon the street!
(How heavily upon my toe!)

I dream of thee by night always,
(Save when a nightmare crossed the scenes,)
I sit and think of thee all day,
(When father thought me hoeing beans.)

(My mother found the romance out,
And much against it did she speak;
She made me a blue roundabout,
And I forgot her in a week.)

Mohenesto:

OR,

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

IV.—*My Horse and Dog.—Horse Jim and Indian Jim.—A Disappointment.—Unwelcome Company.—A Bee-line.—Some Pedigree.—A good Bedfellow.—Take him if you can.—Jim as a Hunter.—Captured by the Cheyennes.—A Heavy Wager.—A Game of Cards for a Life.—Jim shows his Horse-sense.—Death of the Cheyenne Chief.—My Dog Beauty.—The Green-eyed Monster.—Breed of the Critter.—A Proverb Verified.—Beauty on the Trail.—Among the Sioux.—Fun for the Dog.—In Memoriam.*

I CAME into the possession of my horse, Jim, in the autumn, just as I was leaving Fort Benton for the trapping-grounds on Wind River. I gave for him a canteen of whisky, a pound of "Killikinick," and a pair of woolen blankets, though I believe the most important consideration in the transaction was the whisky. The Indian of whom I made the purchase—a Sioux, at that time well known at the forts on the Upper Missouri as "Big Jim"—would never have disposed of his horse so readily if he had not intended to steal him back; but, if such had been his intention, he was in this instance doomed to disappointment.

The morning following the purchase, I made ready to start, and had already mounted my horse, when who should appear but Big Jim, with his scarlet blanket around him, his canteen, now empty, hanging at his belt, his gun—an old shot-gun he had stolen some place—upon his back. He came up beside me and said:

"Waugh. Big Jim will go with Mo-he-nes-to."

I found no fault with his arrangement, and only laughed at the astonishment depicted on the countenances of the men about the fort, at what they seemed to regard as a great lack of caution on my part. They gave me "good-by" as solemnly as if they knew I would never return, and I started off—the Indian walking at my side.

Not a word was spoken by either of us until we reached a little hill about a mile from the fort, and from which I was to take my last view of Benton. I stopped my horse, and turning to the Indian, said:

"Can Big Jim see the fort?"

He turned to look, and then replied:

"The white chief is right, and his red brother can see the fort."

"Well," said I, "Jim, I want you to take a bee-line for that fort, and if you stop before you get there, I will shoot you."

He looked up, with surprise, to see if I was really in earnest, and when I cocked my rifle, and, pointing it at his breast, said "Go," he went.

The disappointment must have been very great, yet I knew that if I allowed him to accompany me I should be murdered the first opportunity. I watched him until he was lost in the distance, when, shaping my course by the tree-tops, I put my horse to his best speed, and started for the south-west.

My horse, Jim, was one of the few perfectly symmetrical horses, possessing all the grace and beauty, combined with the speed and endurance of an Arabian, which proved him to be a thoroughbred. He was about seven years old, of a deep bay color, and the hair upon his body was as smooth and glossy as though it had been under the manipulation of the most aristocratic barber. His ears were clipped and slitted—the mark of a Comanche, and I often wished I had an opportunity to crop the ears of the Indian who had thus disfigured my noble pet. He had the most expressive eyes I ever saw in a brute. Usually calm and affectionate, when danger was nigh his eyes would dilate to twice their natural size, and he seemed to be possessed of a demon. It was easy to see that he had been a king among some wild herd on the far-away plains of Texas.

I taught him to come at my call, and he would follow me wherever I led, or face any danger when I was nigh. At night, after feeding, he would come to the camp-fire, and, laying down, would snuggle up close to me, with his face close to my own; or what he liked best, was to have me go to sleep with my head upon his shoulder.

He was possessed of more courage than one-half of the men in the country, and I have often been awakened in the night when the fire would burn low and the wolves get too bold for comfort, by feeling the faithful Jim pulling at my sleeve, or pinching my arm with his teeth to warn me of approaching danger. Most horses would have run away, with a snort of fear, but Jim was an exception, and often showed enough good sense to raise him above the level of the brute, and make him appear at times almost human.

In the Indian country I often trusted to his superior instinct, rather than to my own judgment, and he never deceived me. I could not account for his inveterate hatred of the Indians, for they all fell in love with him; and when they would often try to buy him, I would tell them it would be no use, and offer to give him to any Indian who could ride him. Many of them tried, but none ever succeeded. Antelope, a chief of the Brule Sioux, coveted him, and I made him the offer I had often made before.

He expressed his determination to try for the prize, so I called Jim up, and removing both saddle and bridle, I patted him awhile and told the chief he might take him as soon as he pleased. Jim stood there looking as demure and innocent as he could, and the chief, imagining he had an easy job, walked to his side, when Jim wheeled in an instant and planted his heels against the stomach of the chief, and sent him sprawling to the ground. He picked himself up, and looking a little crestfallen, prepared to make another attempt. Again he approached the side of the horse, who this time stood perfectly still, and when the chief put his hand upon Jim's back, I began to think I had lost my horse. But the Indian was hardly mounted before Jim turned his head with a quick movement, and, grabbing the chief by the leg, bit and pulled, until the Indian could stand it no longer, but fell to the ground with a cry of pain. Jim had proved himself a regular Shylock, and had removed his pound of flesh from the red-skin's limb! Jim seemed to enjoy the fun well enough, and when I called him to me and bade him lie down, he did so with an air that said more plainly than words, "I know whom to trust."

After I became his owner no Indian could ever ride him. For nearly two years he was my constant companion, sharing my dangers with a devotion rarely to be found in a human being. Once we were attacked by wolves, and Jim actually killed five of the gray monsters; kicking, biting and striking with a quickness and rapidity seldom possessed by a horse.

While trapping on Powder river, I started out one morning to examine my traps—not taking my horse, as I usually did, and, as the sequel will show, I was fortunate in leaving him. I had about half made the rounds of my traps, when I discovered "sign" in the shape of a moccasin-print in the yellow sand, and made up my mind to pack up and emigrate, for I was in the country of hostile Indians, and I knew that they would not rest, after finding my traps, until they had discovered the owner. In this I was correct. I had examined my line of traps on one stream and had to cross over about a mile to reach another stream where the rest of my traps were.

In making the crossing I was obliged to pass through a strip of timber, and it was in this timber that I was surprised by a war-party of Cheyennes, and again I was a prisoner. The band consisted of about sixty warriors under a chief named Hoy-ko-la, and were bound for the country of the Sioux. I had met this Indian before, when, in company with an old trapper named Bridger, I had been down among the Black Hills to "borrow" horses of this same chief, and he at once recognized me. They did not bind me, but relieving me of my gun, they took the back track and started to find my camp, reaching which, I was told to cook them some venison; so, having no choice, I went to work as cheerfully as if they had been a party of white friends on a visit.

All the time I was talking and laughing with the chief, and deriding his bravery in taking one white man, with the assistance of fifty or sixty warriors. He took it all in good part, and joked me in return—offering to play a game of "seven-up" to see whether I should join his tribe or be roasted. I had seen a little of that roasting business, and did not propose to make myself the object of their very warm affection; so I assented to his proposition, and we were soon engaged in the game which was to decide my fate.

There is a strange fascination in a game of cards, not only for an Indian but with the mountaineer as well, and upon the turn of a single card I have known them to stake the entire products of a hard winter's trapping, or wager their ponies or wives, and sometimes their arms—those trusty rifles they would never part with in any other way. I believe I was the first white man who ever made a wager of his life against *nothing* in a game of cards with an Indian; and I went about the game as coolly as if I had been playing for a mug of beer.

I thought there was not much to win, or to lose, for, if I won, I was still a prisoner; and, if I lost, I was pretty sure they would not torture me, because, understanding their language well, I was worth too much to them as an interpreter.

I knew the game just as well as the chief did, and by good luck, good playing, and some cheating, I won it. Just as we had finished, a crashing was heard in the bushes and a huge bear came tearing out and rushed past the camp, within twenty rods of where we were sitting. Immediately every one of the Indians, with the exception of the chief, started in pursuit of the grizzly.

My gun and knife lay on the ground behind the chief, and I was in a quandary how to get at them. For once in my life I was struck by a brilliant idea, which, as soon as the Indians were out of hearing, I proceeded to put into execution. I called my horse, who came trotting up to my side, rubbing his nose against my face; he seemed to comprehend the situation of affairs in a moment.

Hoy-ko-la's eyes glistened with pleasure at the prospect of securing so valuable a prize, and he arose, and going to Jim's side, commenced patting him on the back, which, for a wonder, was not resented. I did not know but Jim had outgrown his hatred for the red-skins; but not so, for he was only "playing off."

While the Indian was paying his attention to the horse, I had secured my rifle and knife and turned just in time to see the chief spring upon Jim's back. The savage began kicking his sides to make him go, when, like a flash, Jim lay down and commenced rolling over. The chief was unable to extricate himself, so sudden had been the movement of the horse, but both were on their feet at the same time.

The chief picked up a club, and walking up to Jim, was about to give him a beating, when the horse turned and gave him a kick that laid him senseless on his back.

This was the opportunity I had been waiting for, and hastily securing my saddle and bridle, and a pair of blankets, I mounted my horse just as the chief had recovered his breath.

When he was upon his feet I laughed at him, and said, "Good-by, Hoy-ko-la; I guess I had better be going;" and turning, gave Jim the word to go.

I had not gone far before a ball came whizzing past my ear; just close enough to make me mad; and, turning in my saddle, I shot the chief dead. I was barely out of sight before I heard the yells of the warriors, who had returned upon hearing my shot. That put an end to their little expedition, and with sorrowful hearts they returned to their village with the dead body of their chief, where they undoubtedly swore vengeance against trappers in general and myself in particular.

But for the sagacity of my horse, I should undoubtedly have been a prisoner among the Cheyennes.

Poor, dear old Jim! The ball intended for the heart of your master, found yours instead. May the grass grow green above your grave; and may the memory of your faithful devotion make me a better man!

MY DOG.

I called him Beauty; not because he was particularly handsome, but from a habit I had of being always on the contrary side; for certainly an uglier specimen of the canine race never came into the world.

I found him about a month after I became the owner of Jim. He was not an Indian dog, and as I was hundreds of miles from any white settlement, I was at a loss to imagine where he came from.

I had camped earlier than usual, and was cooking my supper of venison steak, and the first I saw of Beauty he stood at my side, looking up into my face so wishfully that I could not help pitying him. I finished cooking my supper, not forgetting a liberal supply for Beauty, and he and I were taking our first meal together, when Jim, who had finished grazing, walked up to the fire, and, taking Beauty by the back of the neck, gave him a toss which landed him in the sage-brush a rod away.

Jim showed as much jealousy as a human being could possibly have done, and it was only after I had spoken sharply to him a few times, that he would allow Beauty to come near the fire. But after a while he seemed to think better of it, and in a few days they became fast friends.

Beauty was of no breed of dogs ever heard or read of; the nearest I could come to his pedigree being that he was a cross between a Scotch terrier and some unknown nondescript of the antediluvian ages.

In size he was about as large as a mountain rabbit; in color, perfectly indescribable, for he looked as if he had passed through all the dye-tubs and paint-pots in the land. He had lost one ear, and his tail was represented by a short stub, which looked as if some one had been experimenting to see how much they could take off, and still leave enough for a name. If you have ever seen a "California" hen, with its feathers all pointing toward the head, you can form a very good idea of the appearance of my dog, Beauty.

Each individual hair stood independent of its neighbor, and each seemed to point a different way, from the tip of his nose to the extremity of his long, shaggy legs.

I never knew the color of his eyes, for I do not think they had ever been visible since the days of his puppyhood. There was a pair of dark spots on his shaggy head, and I have good reason to believe, that somewhere in among the hair, there was a pair of eyes. I did not wonder that Jim should have taken such a dislike to him, for in this case Jim was the Beauty, and Beauty was the Beast.

Homely people are proverbially good, whether homely dogs are or not; but from a better acquaintance with my dog, I found him as good as he was homely.

Beauty was one of the best bear-dogs I ever owned, and many a good steak has he brought me by holding his grip on the ham-strings of a Cinnamon bear. He was equally as good in a deer-hunt, his long legs doing him good service; and when he once set his teeth on a deer's nose or leg, there was no such thing as shaking him off. I could always tell when danger was near, and also the nature of the danger, by the actions of the dog.

If a deer was scented he would run a rod or two in advance, and return trembling with excitement, which would be repeated until I would go with him, or tell him no. If a bear was around he would sulk behind me, the perfect picture of fear; although he was brave enough when the fight commenced.

If an Indian caused the alarm, he would stand still in front of me; looking alternately in my face and in the direction of the approaching Indian, and with a low whine, would await further orders. In such cases as I have mentioned, his actions were always the same, and I could tell with certainty what it was excited his notice.

In the Indian village which I used often to visit, he was the source of much merriment. On the occasion of his first visit, I had, before entering the village, removed the fine tobacco-dust from my pouch and sprinkled it over the shaggy coat of Beauty.

Arriving at the village, the inhabitants turned out as usual to welcome me; and as usual the host of Indian dogs, gaunt and saucy, accompanied them.

The young chief, Pine Tree, shook hands with me, and looking at Beauty, laughed, and said: "Mo-he-nes-to has found a pretty dog." "Yes," I said; "that's what I call him; and he is a good deal like Jim—you fellows want to keep your distance."

In less than a minute after our arrival, a dozen dogs were poking their nozes in Beauty's face, but went away sneezing, while he showed no inclination to make their acquaintance, and resented their familiarity by pitching into them in good style. Occasionally one of them would seize Beauty by the neck or back, but the powdered tobacco would soon make them quit their hold and skulk away.

Beauty was not remarkable for having a sweet disposition, and in this case he got pretty mad, and soon "cleaned out" the whole drove of dogs with the exception of one large gray fellow, who, like some bullies I have seen in the States, had never been whipped, and seemed to think that such a thing was impossible. He caught Beauty, and shaking him as a terrier would a rat, threw him to one side; but before he knew what the matter was, Beauty had him by the leg with such a grip, that the big fellow soon began to ki-yi, enough.

Beauty did not mind his cries in the least, and when the young Indian who owned the large dog, tried to part them, Beauty only transferred his grip from the leg of the dog to that of the Indian. Every one laughed at the turn of affairs, and when in his endeavors to shake off the dog, the Indian tripped and fell, it was amid a perfect roar of laughter.

I called Beauty away from him, and removing the saddle and bridle from Jim, told them to go and find their supper. They went off together, and did not return until dark; when as usual, they slept close beside the *tepee* occupied by me.

Brave, homely little Beauty! In the same "scrimmage" where Jim lost his life, he, too, met death by the knife of a red-skin. He died bravely fighting at his post, and in my defense, and well has he been avenged.

Darling old Jim! Noble, brave little Beauty! There should be a Heaven for both of you; for if fidelity ever merited a reward, it belongs to you! May the sod which covers them never be polluted by the foot of man, and may the nightingale sing a requiem over the grave of these, MY FRIENDS.

(*To be continued—commenced in No. 129.*)

Mohenesto; or, Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

A Double Mistake.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A DAINTY square white envelope, addressed in the most graceful handwriting, and bearing, on the reverse side, a miraculously intertwined monogram of Lulu Bertrand's initials.

And the address on the envelope was "Frank"—nothing more or less.

Before the fire in his bachelor parlor—for the September mornings were unusually chill—Doctor Leland sat curiously scrutinizing the letter that the errand-girl had just left at his door.

It was very singular, very; why should any one write him a note and direct it to "Frank?" To be sure, his name was Francis Armitage Leland, but "Frank" was a pet name he hadn't heard for years. Then, why should Lulu Bertrand write to him?—he felt the swarthy blushes on his cheeks as he recognized the flowing characters. He need not have blushed; for little Miss Bertrand might have written to many a gentleman and to none who could boast a handsomer face, a finer head, a nobler intellect than Doctor Leland.

To be sure, he was only a struggling young physician, and his office only the front basement of Mrs. Entwhistle's boarding-house; but then, he met pretty Lulu many times a day, at table, in the hall, or on the street. At all events, he had seen her often enough to fall desperately in love with her, hence the guilty blushes on his face when he recognized her handwriting and her monogram.

Very reverently he opened the envelope, and unfolded the thick, cream-laid sheet, and read:

"FRANK, dearest, since you will not speak first, I will, and assure you that I *do* love you dearly, whether you can return it or not. Won't you send me just a line that I may know you have forgiven, for writing thus,

"Your bold little
"LULU."

Wasn't it strange, wasn't it delicious, such a note from such a girl? and then Doctor Leland went to work dreaming of her gleaming golden hair, so full of prisoned sunrays, her roguish, fathomless eyes, as blue as heaven's arch on a clear June day.

Would he send her a line—this coy, womanly woman, who, with all her sweetness, all her archness, could so charmingly step aside from the beaten track of conventionalism.

So, in a glow of grateful love, the handsome young doctor answered Lulu Bertrand's letter, after this fashion:

"MY DEAR MISS BERTRAND:

"I can not commit to paper what I would say, what your gentle, womanly heart must tell you I have to say. Let me come to you; this evening at eight I will be in your sitting-room, and then I will hear from your sweet lips words that will make the happiest man in the universe of Your devoted
"FRANK."

Of course he signed it "Frank"—how could he do otherwise?—and then went to visit his one patient.

It was a charming room, with a Canary bird singing in its gold-wired cage in the vine-wreathed, flower-ornamented bay-window; and at two opposite windows sat two ladies, whose youthful beauty lent additional charms to the scene.

"Lulu, it is inexplicable—this mystery of mine. Who could have sent me this letter? Who is this 'Frank,' anyhow?"

Miss Netta Bertrand was twirling and twisting Dr. Leland's letter in her fingers, and on her countenance was the most utter surprise.

"I am sure I can not help you to a solution of the mystery, sister Netta; I *only* wish it was for me, in answer to one I sent Frank, this morning. I broke the ice, and apologized as you advised, Netta. I do wonder if he got it?"

"Assuredly, and my prophetic soul tells me we will see Mr. Frank Harcourt posting up here soon after its receipt. *This* 'Frank,' too, whoever he may be, is coming to see me at eight. Oh! how I hate mysteries."

Lulu laughed.

"Well, if my Frank comes, and your Frank comes, we will have quite a levee, for I wrote a note to Dr. Leland to call professionally, at half-past seven—my head doesn't seem much better."

Netta laughed too, as Lulu finished, and glanced at her watch.

"Well, Dr. Leland is dilatory, for it is after eight now. There—some one is coming along the hall now."

A little flush rose to Lulu's cheek. Was it Frank Harcourt, her betrothed, come to seal the lover's quarrel with a kiss of peace?

Then, after a warning tap, Dr. Leland came in—and marched up to her.

"Miss Bertrand, how can I sufficiently thank you? Allow me to assure you—"

And just then came a second tap, and a second gentleman came in.

Lulu sprung to his side, her fair face suffused with sweetest rose tints.

"Oh, Frank! then you got my note? Mr. Harcourt, Dr. Leland."

"I got a note, truly," laughed Harcourt, but there has been a mistake, I think. My note was a summons to Dr. Leland to attend Miss Lulu."

He handed the paper to the physician, who suddenly grew nervous and embarrassed.

"And your name is 'Frank,'—which accounts for the mistake." Then, very quietly, very gracefully, he went on.

"I have to beg your pardon, Miss Lulu, but I think I have read a letter never intended for me. *This* was left at my office this noon."

He handed Lulu her letter to Frank Harcourt.

With a little cry, and the most vivid blushes, she took it.

"So your name is 'Frank,' too? Dr. Leland, I am very, *very* sorry there has been such a blunder."

She held out her hand in her own graceful, pretty way.

"But, Miss Lulu—" and the doctor's face reddened again—"I answered this letter, in all good faith, promising to call on you at eight o'clock. Where is that?"

Then a merry laugh rung out, and Netta, who had stepped out as Dr. Leland came in, re-entered the room.

"I have unriddled the mystery. *Here* is Dr. Leland's letter to Lulu, which I supposed was for me, since I am Miss Bertrand. I will return it, Dr. Leland—"

But Frank Harcourt and Lulu had gone over behind the red damask curtain to adjust that lover's quarrel, and so Dr. Leland, instead of taking back his love-letter, asked Miss Bertrand, very gravely, if she would keep it a month for him. And Netta, all smiles and blushes, consented.

"Wasn't it ridiculous? Such a mixed-up affair I never knew of," said Mrs. Frank Harcourt, one bright day, the next summer. "Here, Netta, let me fix the vail a trifle more to the left—you know how critical Dr. Leland is. There, what a beautiful bride you are, dear!"

Lulu stepped back, admiringly, and Netta laughed.

"But think what a narrow escape it was for both the doctor and I! If it hadn't been for those miscarried letters."